THE CATACLYSM: OR General Deluge OF THE WORLD: AN OPERA; Adorned with various Sculptures.

By EDWARD ECCLESTON, Gent.

Non illo melior quisquam rec amantior æqui
Vir fuit, aut illa reverentior ulla Deorum,
Ovid Metam.

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XUM

To Her GRACE the DUTCHESS OF Monmouth.

THIS the greatest and chiefest aim (Madam) *of most men, still to chuse out the Highest, Loveliest, and Fairest Objects as may best agree with their Intentions; thus the Pious and Devout are in a perpetual contemplation of Heaven, thinking that the fittest place about which they can or ought to busie their Religious thoughts, the Glories of the one running in a just Parallel with the Meditations of the other: Now pardon me* (Madam) *if the Divine Perfections Providence has bestowed upon You, have made me thus boldly aspire to Dedicate this Poem to Your Grace, as being the only Person with whose Nature such Sacred History best accords; and I must needs alledg too, Your Grace deserves the Name of Beautiful, and that not only for the Excellent Proportion and Lineaments of Body, as for the Intrinsick Perfections of Your Mind, and Vertues of Your Soul, which are so sweetly joyn'd, that You may justly Challenge, to Your self, the Title of a visible Divinity: But my greatest fear is, lest while I address my self to Your Grace, like a mistaken Zealot, I should approach the true Deity with a wrong Worship.——What was said of* Greece *may be now confirm'd here,* That all their Beauties there could make

but one *Venus*; *You*, like that *Goddess*, bare away the *Golden Prize*, whilst all the rest stand, neglected, by, and envy at *Your Glory*; therefore lest any should think I derogate from them, by giving *You Your due Commendations*, or at lest *You Your self* should think I flatter, I must aver thus much in my own Defence, that *Your Perfections* are so Divinely rare, *You* exceed the very Name of Flattery, for what is Adulation in others, is but *Your real Character*; and to diminish what I have said, would rather prove abusive than a fawning Speech: And I am so far from extinguishing others Lustre by *Yours*, that like the Sun, *You* rather distribute *Your* diffusive Beams on all inferior Lights, than take any Rays from them, and that too without diminution to *Your self*. Had *Your Grace* liv'd in the Old World, *You* would not only have made an addition to those that were sav'd in the *Ark*, but even have prevented the Destruction of the Whole: For so pious and sincere, so importunate are all *Your* Devotions, as what was spoke by the two Angels to Lot, would have been said to *You*, That they could not be destroy'd so long as *You* was there. Or, like Astrea, *Your Grace* must have been forc'd to have left the Confines of this World, and in a Cloud of Incense flown to Heav'n: Nor need we doubt, but, like her, (being a Star on Earth) *You* would have made as bright a Constellation there. So sweet and affable is all *Your* Conversation, so universal is *Your* Charity and Bounty, and so Charming are *Your* Smiles, that all who know *You* must admire *You*, and bless themselves that *You* are now alive, though in an Age almost as bad as that. As it was the general Custom amongst the Jews, to present their first Fruits to Heav'n, so I hope *Your Grace* will pardon this Ambition in me, for laying this my First-born fancy on *your* Altar, for without *Your* Protection, I may doubt the

Insolence of a Censorious Age. But so long as Your Seraphick Form guards the door of the Ark, I need not fear what the malice of a Hell of Criticks can do against it: but rather am assur'd by Your Patronage, to view it safely saying through all their Storms to the happy Mount, where when they are all securely Landed, I shall not think them more happy than I am in subscribing my self,

Madam,

Your Graces Most Humble,

Most Obedient,

and Most Devoted Servant,

Edward Eccleſtone.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Madam,

TO

My Worthy and Ingenious Friend,

Mr. *EDWARD ECCLESTONE*,

Upon his publiſhing his

OPERA.

WHILE thy choice Lines I read, Dear Friend, I ſee
Pythagoras taught truth; Souls changed be,
And *Cowley's* Tranſmigrated into thee.
Thy fancy's lofty, quick, and full of ſence,
Thou 'rt ſafe, yet doſt reach an Excellence;
An Art, 'cept *Thou* and *Cowley* none attain,
And which our upſtart Wits purſue in vain:
Who when they labour with ſome happy thought,
E're the ſlow Brat can in to th' World be brought,
They make ſuch mighty pudder, ſuch a ding,
If not Still-born, 't proves quite another thing.
But thou doſt, to juſt bounds, thy flights confine:
We ſee an active Soul in every Line,
And every word is like thy Theme, *Divine*.
Dryden will grieve to hear thy Couplets Chime,
And yield he's foyl'd at his own Weapon, *Rhime*;
While ev'ry Page ſuch ſweetneſs does diſtill,
Thy *Noah's Ark* reſts on *Parnaſſus* Hill.
Had *Milton* liv'd to ſee how thou haſt writ,
He'd, for the Charms thou giv'ſt it, *Rhime* admit.
This *Piece* is ſuch, ſo excellently rare,
'Twere ſin of its ſucceſs; but to Deſpair,
Thy *Deluge* can all Cenſures down before it bear.

And

And thou may'ſt ſit ſecure within thy *Ark*,
No Floods, by Criticks rais'd, can hurt thy Bark;
While this thy Book (to thy Eternal praiſe)
Shall, like the *Dove*, return within few days,
And 'ſtead of *Olives*, bring thee ſprigs of *Bays*.
For ſuch a Work, except the ableſt Brain,
None ſure, but in a wiſh, cou'd e're attain.
Then what vaſt thanks we to this *Opera* owe,
I may conceive, but *Verſe* can't let thee know.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

To his Worthy and Ingenious Friend, Mr. Edward Eccleſtone, *upon his Publiſhing* Noah's Flood, *or the* Deſtruction *of the* World.

MILTON reviv'd, or rather *Dryden* trac'd;
Each ſtep found out and follow'd, though in haſte.
A ſecond *Op'ra* to the World is brought,
Full of quick ſence, ſmooth fancy, ſubtle thought:
The ſtrugling Infant from the Womb is thrown,
To wander in this Critick Age alone;
No dear fond Parent to ſupport its worth,
Nor biaſs'd Friend to blaze its praiſes forth:
Without thoſe aids you let it roam about,
Fearleſs of danger, 'mongſt the Wits to ſcout,
To ſee whoſe Genius finds its virtues out.
If this firſt Birth ſo many praiſes win,
What merits the whole Maſs conceal'd within;
Your well-tun'd flights, and ſweet conceptions ſhow,
No rugged thoughts did from your fancy flow;
But ſmooth as gliding ſtreams in Summer Brooks,
Are all thy Lines, and ev'ry one ſuch ſence,
As if you ever had conſulted Books,
Or writ with all the helps of Providence:

Nature

Nature to thee has these perfections giv'n,
A sense Divine, a Soul that treats of Heav'n,
What mighty rule *Omnipotence* doth bear
Over the *Dæmons*, and the *Prince* of th' Air,
As in a mirror I've discover'd here.
All the black gath'ring Clouds are past away,
And we, through you, behold a New-born day;
Those Troops of Atoms which before us flew,
Scatter and fall as silently as Dew,
And glorious Wit is once again in view.
Could I, like thee, take such a noble flight,
I'de an *Ottenial* spend to reach the height.
On then and prosper, now you're on the wing,
Flag not behind, but reach *Apollos* spring:
Then to his Temple haste, in th' *Tripos* sit,
Inspir'd by him; there make 'em all submit
To thy Divine Enthusiastick Wit.

JOHN LEANERD.

To his Ingenioms Friend, Mr. Eccleſtone, *on his* Opera.

——Opus——quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

LET scribling Foes to Paper, cheat the Town,
With a *French* Novel clad in *English* Gown;
Or, Botcher-like, to make a perfect Play,
Bombast, with Farce, some half a score a day,
And spoil true metal with their false allay:
Monkey-like, Aping what they find of Wit,
Flatter themselver with snayling after it,
Till like a Toad, they swell'd with pride, do spit.
Whilst your inherent and diffusive Rays,
Lend light to them to usher in their Plays;

Your learned *Op'ra* represents the Star
That brought the Wise-men of the *East* from far;
You scorn their dull insipid Sophistry,
That glory in a Chymick Poetry:
Thy little Book affords a stock of all
That we can pleasant or commodious call.
Here you'l find light, let them be ne'r so dark.
Thou art our *Noah*, and this *Book* the *Ark*;
Destin'd to save the Relicks of the Sage
And Reverend Authors of this tott'ring Age,
And bear a World of Books in ev'ry Page;
Nay, when e'n drunk with sloth, our staggering sence,
Reeling, unman'd us of our sole defence,
Only for reason left us Impudence:
Thy pitying Pen reviv'd the expiring Fame,
Raising up Trophies to thy sacred Name,
Immortal as the just Records of Fame.
Thou fear'st no Cynical Philosopher,
No *Nigrum* Θ, or an *English* R;
No, nor thou need'st not, since we plainly see,
In every individual Line of thee,
Milton and *Dryden* in *Epitome*.

JOHN NORTON.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE chiefest motive I have in writing this Epistle, is, not that I have any affectation to scribling, but to excuse the permission of the preceding Copies of Commendation of my Friends; to whom I must say as the Orator said to Q. Cecilius Hortensius, in the case of Verres, That let them take which side they will, they are sure to make it the best, for by their ingenuity they are able to cause that which is deform'd and ugly, to become fair and beautiful; and when I reflect upon my own imperfections (I ingenuously confess) I even blush to read them, and it would be the highest arrogance in the world to acknowledg their Character; like a young coy Maiden, I for a time held out their suit, but their importunities were such, I, like them, at last gave my consent: And lest that any should Tax me with Ambition in the Publication of the Poem, I shall answer in Mr. Dreydens Words, That it is impossible almost for any Writer to succeed without it. And make the worst of it, as one pleasantly defines it, it is but a gallant madness; and though I do acknowledg it, 'tis only in the Abstract: For I shall not, like Æsops Frog, swell till I burst, or like Lucians Evangelus pipe so long till I fall down dead; nay, this passion is so predominant, that even the Beasts themselves are brought within the List; the Hound in catching of the Hare from his fellow; the Hawk in pouncing of his Prey; and the Horse in running of his Race. These Examples being consider'd, I am so far from judging it a fault, that I think it almost a sin to be without it; then why should man, that Lordly Creature, be asham'd to acknowledg it, and especially Poets, who are something above the vulgar; nay, so much above them, that they are a medium betwixt God and Man:

For as Plato *says* ——Non possunt canere priusquam Deo pleni ——*i. e. Before they are moved with a Divine rapture.*

But here let me make a small digression, for I do not speak this in reference to my self, but to the Almighty Apollo's *of the last, and this present Age; for I might sleep as many years in* Parnassus's *Mountain as* Endymion *did in the Cave, before I should reach that Name, though* Hesiod *and* Ennius *are reported, but by one nights sleeping therein, to become Poets, and the last, in his sleep, fanci'd he receiv'd into his Body* Homers *Soul, and thereupon writ in imitation of him: But how like they were to his,* Horace *excellently well describes.* ——

Ennius, & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,
Ut Critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo promissa cadunt, & somnia *Pythagorea.*

But considering this present Age, and the troublesome times therein, what small advantage, reward, or reputation can be gained thereby, there would be but small contending for the Bays; since too, Apollo *and the Muses, who have a long time liv'd in Tranquillity, may, we know not how soon, be banish'd by the God of War, and so be forc'd to throw away the Pen, and like that Worthy* Hero, *of late Memory,* Montross (*whose Name wants an Epithete*) *be forc'd to write with the point of the Sword, but I hope not in such a Language as his:*

Great, Good and Just, *&c.*
Though we may say with Martial,
Frange leves Calamos, *&c.*

As for the Nature of the Poem, which is Holy, though intermixt with Spirits, yet I have not herein trod in an unknown path, but shall procure Authority for what I do; though Doctor Brown declares, In the multiplicity of Writing, Subjects so often discours'd, confine the imagination, and fix our conceptions unto the Notions of fore-writers, and though it may be allow'd with him, that bye and barren Themes are best fitted for invention, yet that does not in the least excuse imitation; for Mr. Dreydon's State of Innocency and Fall of Man, *is of the same Nature with this, from whose incomparable Piece I drew this rugged draught; and* Milton's Paradise Lost *is full of*

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the same Adornments: Mr. Cowley *too in his* Divine Davideis, *is so far from being exempted from the same, that he makes them to be the chiefest ornaments of his Poem, in which he does not only cause the Devil to make a Speech, but even God himself, and brings* David *singing a Love Song to his Lyre under* Michols *Window, with several the like imbellishments, which are no more to be found fault with, than the Stars for spangling Heaven. I shall defend but very little of what I have writ, either in vindication of words or phrases or figures, though it is an easie thing to turn Prophet in this case, and anticipate Critical Observations: For this only reason, being I have had but few, and those friends, that have pass'd their judgments of it, (though I account them the best that find most faults) yet do what one can, their censures will be favourable.*

I must desire the Reader to take notice of these few things, that when he meets with any irregular, or as it may seem careless Lines, that they were not over-sights; and likewise in comparisons, where the thing is compar'd to things that never were: So a Friend finds fault with this Line——And shrink like Parchment in the Fire.——*because, says he, there was no such thing as Parchment in the world at that time. Whether there was or no, I shall not here dispute, though without doubt there were many excellent Arts that perish'd in the Flood, which since, by the ingenuity of Man, and accidents, have been renewed: He might likewise have as well found fault with these, As the word* Hermite, Gally slave, *the comparison of the Vineyard betwixt* Gabriel *and* Noah, *and many more, which last must be counted as a Prolepsis, though in truth Wine might be before the Flood, for in the fifth Act I follow the bare History of the Scripture, and make him ignorant of the operation of Wine, and* Satan *himself to teach the Art, though without doubt drunkenness was one of the main sins of that Age, which brought the Deluge, and that too with Wine; yet however I shall authorise it by a few Examples: Thus Mr.* Dreyden *in his* Fall of Man, *makes* Lucifer *compare his Legions, that lay prostrate on the Lake, to scatter'd Leaves in Autumn.*

——————See on the Lake,
Our Troops, like scatter'd leaves in Autumn lie.

when it is to be suppos'd the World was not created, or without doubt no Autumn; so that in this case (where they make that which ought to

be the comparison the thing compar'd, (though in no other) in my judgment they may be allow'd of: so the Grammar is mistaken in the figure, for it is no Prolepsis to say, Lavinaq; venit littora—— *because the Poet speaks in his own Person, but if he had brought in* Æneas, *saying,* Lavinaq; littora veni, *the Figure then would have been: And* A. Gellius *in* 10 L. c. 16. *is of the same opinion, and instances another of like kind,* Æneid. L. 6. v. 17. *and justifies both this way. But* Milton, *from whom Mr.* Dreydon *took it, does not make the Figure, being he does not make any of the Devils, but himself speak it.*

——————— He stood and call'd
His Legions, Angel forms, who lay intranc'd,
Thick as *Autumnal* Leaves that strow the brooks
In *Vallombrosa.*———

And truly in my opinion it ought to be accounted a fault in all Poetry, were it not in Poems treating of so high an Antiquity, and rank'd just as Barbarisms; for as there is no reason for the one, so there is a necessity for the other:—But that which fits my turn best are the words of poor Palinurus.

Æneid L. 6. v. 365, 366.
Eripe me his invicte, malis, aut tu mihi terram
Injice (namq; potes) portusq; require *Velinos.*

When Velia, *the Town that gave name to the Port, was built in the time of* Servius Tullus, *above* 600 *years after: so in* Seneca's Medea, *we find the whole business of Matrimony to be transacted according to the* Roman *Rites, and all the reflections upon it to be adapted to the Customs and Laws of that place which obtain'd long after; as* v. 113. Festa dicax fundat convicia Fescenninus, *and many more of that sort,* ver. 488.

Tibi patria cessit; tibi pater, frater, pudor;
Hac dote nupsi, redde fugienti sua.

Alluding to the Roman *Law, which restor'd to the divorc'd Woman her Dowry, if the Divorce were not occasion'd by her.—but* v. 355.

and

and v. 794. *are plainer:* Quid! cùm Ausonium diræ pestes, *&c. The* Auson *that was Author of this Adjective was Son of* Ulysses *and* Calypso, *who could not be born at this time.*

Inque auxilium, Dictynna, tuum
Preciosa sonent æra Corinthi.

whereas the Corinthian *brass was of much later date. So* v. 622, 659, 660. *and indeed the whole Chorus of the third Act is full of such Anticipations, so that many good Criticks reject a great part of it as suppositious.*

So in the first Scene of Plautus's Amphitryo, *we meet* Sosia *affraid of the* Tres Viri Nocturni, *who with their* Octo Homines, *(mentioned there) were a sort of Officers at* Rome, *as our Constable and watch with us: So* v. 149. *He quibbles upon* Quintus *a* Roman *Name, and* v. 252. *He swears by* Hercules *before he is born or hardly got; besides, that those Slavish Names,* Sosia *and* Davus, *were younger by many hundred years than* Amphitryo. *These, I hope, are vindications enough for* Anachronisms; *as for* Hyperboles *I shall only speak this, that the bolder they are so much the better, and he shall gain far more reputation that soars high though in danger, than he that follows that plodding Advice;* Medio tutissimus, *&c.*—

And though like the Camelion *they can put on almost all colours whatsoever, yet they shall never hit the white. And* Horace *does as good as incourage this way of Writing, when he says,*

Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis.——

for the extravagancy of these Figures, as Hyperboles, Metaphors, Catachreses, *&c. are certainly the faults he means, as well as obscene Lines and oversights in Poems.*

That it may find some excuse for its faults, I shall, as several of our Moderns before me, (whom I believe speak truth) declare the time in which the greatest part was writ, for I do faithfully protest, that the first three parts were thought and writ in lesser time than a week, but being disappointed by the Printer, (for it should have come out near a Twelve-month ago) I since have made a few alterations in it;

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the fourth was writ at leisure times that I stole from company; with which I did intend to have ended, being it was so full a period: But was perswaded more for the Number-sake than the Subject, to add the fifth, for I really thought (as indeed it was) I undertook to build a Babel, *and conceiv'd it almost impossible to raise so many Lines upon so small a Foundation, especially to Lake it o're with any gloss agreeing with* Horace.

——————————Etquæ
Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquas.

Thus much I thought convenient to declare, but not as to blow my own Trumpet, for the profound respects I bear Her Grace, and the almighty innate Love I owe His Highness were the only incentives of my publication of it, for by this and no other means could I find an opportunity to declare my deep Veneration for both: A Prince who like the Genius of this British Isle *bears up the Fate thereof: A Prince who wears more Charms than ever* Cæsar *did, for He does not only come, see, and overcome, Towns, Cities and Countreys, but inslaves the very hearts of Men, who are proud too, and triumph in their Chains, accounting it far greater glory to be overcome by Him, than to be Victors themselves of others.*

ERRATA.

IN the first Copy, *Line* 5. *Read* thou 'rt safe, and yet, &c. For *Satan* and *Saturn.* r. *Sathan.* *p.* 2. *l.* 5. for *Bel.* r. *Beel.* *p.* 29. in the Scene, r. a throng of Men, Women, &c. *p.* 41. at the end of *l.* 30. r. *exit Sathan.*

NOAH'S

XUM

NOAH'S FLOOD,
OR, THE
DESTRUCTION
OF THE
WORLD.

The Scene being open'd, Hell is repreſented with Spirits in ſeveral poſtures of Torments, hideous Howlings and Lamentations are heard, and ſeveral are flying croſs the Stage. The Scene on a ſudden ſhifts, and repreſents Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, Aſmoday, Moloch *and* Belial, *at which, Songs of Joy and Triumph are heard, all advancing from a Rowling Lake of Burning Brimſtone.*

ACT the Firſt.

Lucifer. BID 'em their Shrieks and Howlings now refrain,
And let each Soul make Muſick with his Chain;
For at this Juncture all from pains are free,
And Hell it ſelf ſhall keep a Jubilee.

Bel. It ſhall be done. [*Flies ſwiftly from 'em.*

Luc. ——————The happy time is nigh;
I plainly ſee't, i'th Records of the Sky;

The Characters of Heav'n with ease are found:
Read there.——the Universe shall soon be drown'd.
Sat. The Watry Planets in Conjunction stand,
Ready to pour their Vials o're the Land.
Bel. The Sea insulting like a Conq'ring Foe,
Doth daily many Islands overthrow;
Still threatning all that does its force withstand:
And only waits for the All-high's Command.
Asm. The little Rivolets run swifter on,
As with their haste they'd meet the Ocean,
And add their Force with his,—all swell so high,
They seem the Deluge in Epitomy.
Mol. The Sea, Springs, Lakes, as with some private heat
Boil higher up; Each bubble swells so great,
That every drop seems to push on their Fate.
Luc. Thus far with brave success we have prevail'd,
And in our direful Projects never fail'd;
You han't forgot how subtly I did win
The first Form'd man, and taught him how to sin:
How shamefully he from his bliss was driv'n,
And banish'd from his Paradise, his Heav'n:
How since their Off-springs toil and live forlorn,
And know their Race accurst before they'r born.
It was a Deed, so exquisitely great,
I almost did their lives Anticipate:
And rather than have lost it, I would bear
Double Damnation, doubled with despair:
I saw, that if he fell, the world would fall,
And in his Ruin I should ruin all.
Sat. Your Prophecy is just at hand, Mankind
Is grown so imp'ous, there's but eight design'd,
To populate the world again,
Mol.——Those few,
Though from the Deluge sav'd, we'l in the Ark subdue.
Luc. That task, Great *Moloch*, we design for you.
Mol. And with such force I will the Ark invade,
I'le cause a new Creation to be made.

For

For in one day his six I'le ruinate:
'Tis easier to Destroy than to Create.
Luc. Go *Moloch*, and observe the ways of man;
[Moloch *flies away.*
We'l bring their period lesser than a span,
In this brave Action let us all comply.
Beel. Who doubts th'event, if possible, should die.
Luc. Let every Spirit chuse his proper Vice,
What he can most prevail in, most entice;
And with your cunning'st guiles declare your Art,
Playing your Engines into ev'ry heart,
For fear the World turn pious, and repent,
And so this Universal Flood prevent.
Asm. By you, Great Sir, was the first Act begun,
You did the Father Ruin, I the Son:
At his Devotions, and i'th midst of Pray'r,
I rais'd up Envy, and that caus'd Despair;
Seeing his Offerings despis'd, he threw
The Altars down, and streight his Brother slew;
So for the deed a Vagabond was made,
And of each Soul, he met, was so affraid,
He even fear'd his Murther from his shade.
So by one Act I did both Brothers slay:
Envy alone would the whole World betray;
This is my Chief Delight, this very sin
I've cull'd from all, to be my Concubine.
Sat. That which I most affect is dire Despair,
To fill mens Souls with grief, distrust and fear,
Horrors, and Furies, seize each vital part,
And irksome Maladies shall plague the heart.
In gentle sleep, when their rack'd Souls repose,
With dreadful Visions I their rest oppose:
Nay, at the Altars as they prostrate lie,
Asking forgiveness of the Deity,
I make 'em, Atheist-like, high Heav'n despise,
And 'stead of Pray'rs, they utter Blasphemies:
With desp'rate madness they their lives destroy,
And think in dying they shall Bliss enjoy.

They long for Death, and Death must be their end,
To some, the worst of Foes, to them, the happiest Friend.
Beel. Pride and Ambition are my darling Joys,
My Minion Pleasures, and my dear Decoys;
With those sweet Poysons, I man's Soul inspire,
Like us, they would be always mounting high'r;
None is contented with his proper State,
But ev'ry Slave would be a Potentate:
Proud in Ambition, all to rule are giv'n,
Subjects would Monarchs sway, great Monarchs Heav'n.
The Holy Hermits, who all praise defie,
Do cloak their Pride under Hypocrisie:
Their seeming Sanctity their hearts reveal,
And they are proud, in that they Pride conceal.
This lust of Pride in ev'ry Soul is seen,
She over all the World is Regent Queen.
Luc. You've rais'd my Spirits high, I long to roam
Lord over all, and view this World in foam:
To see the Cataracts of Heav'n fall,
And spread its Waters o're this mighty Ball.
'Twas well design'd of the Great Conqueror,
And in't he shew'd his Wisdom and his Pow'r,
For their hot lust a Deluge does require,
And should he stop, the World would be on fire.
[Moloch *flies down.*
Mol. At length, great *Lucifer*, the Ark is made.
Luc. If that be finish'd, then the World's betray'd.
'Tis joyful News, now the great Period's come,
And all must wallow in the Watry Tomb:
The Birds and Beasts with man confus'd must lie,
And Fish in their own Element shall dye.
Sat. What has been Ages building we'l destroy,
In a few days, and in its Ruin joy.
Beel. But how it shall be done, I cannot tell,
For Hosts of Angels will keep Centinel:
And round the Sanctuary always stay,
Questioning all who shall advance that way,
And with strict Guard defend it night and day.

Mol.

Mol. The way is eaſie, and the paſſage fair,
Know from all parts all Creatures do repair,
And round the Ark reſide, waiting the time,
When to their place of ſafety they ſhall climb.
Then with the reſt, I in ſome borrow'd ſhape
Will enter in, and ſo the Guards eſcape:
There lurking cloſe, I'le in ſome Corner lie,
(Few think of danger when it is moſt nigh)
And ſoon into their private thoughts will pry.
There at the leaſt advantage I'le fly in,
And teach this great ſmall World of Eight to ſin.
If this ſhould fail, I'le fill each Soul with rage,
And all the Ark a Civil-War ſhall wage;
The Beaſt with Fowl, Father ſhall fight with Son,
'Till with Inteſtine ſtrife they'r all undone.

Luc. Bravely deſign'd; may the whole Ark be curſt,
And mayſt thou proſper as I did at firſt.
Whilſt you're within Plotting their ſudden Fall,
We'l hovering be without, and wait your call:
Then we'l combine, and at one dreadful blow,
This remnant of the World we'l overthrow.

Aſm. This will prove hazardous and hard to gain,
What coſt a hundred years to build with pain,
Was never ſure deſign'd to be in vain.

Sat. Still with fond Reaſon you our Acts debate,
Sure we that won the World may conquer Eight.

Luc. To me, methinks, it may with eaſe be done.
For ſcarce above a Century is run,
And all the World is in Confuſion.
You talk like Fools, ſuch a Cabal as we,
Are able ſure to check Eternity;
Retrieve our former States, and mount on high,
Shining all Glorious Monarchs of the Sky.
Such Storms to plague the deep I will prepare,
Shall make Omnipotence it ſelf deſpair:
Though he be Lord of Heav'n, I'm Prince oth' Air.

Aſm. You've rais'd my drooping Soul from ſluggiſh ſleep,
Methinks I ſee it ſinking in the deep.

Beel. If through his anger the great World doth fall,
We will by his Example drown the small.
Luc. With Storms and Whirlwinds we our selves will man,
And plunge i'th Gulf this huge *Leviathan.*

Enter Several Pious Men.

But see those Pious Men, whose Holy Way
And Heav'nly life false Woman shall betray:
Their sweet repose of a contented Life
Shall have an end in that curst name of Wife.
Woman! our only Engine to deceive
Mankind, first taught by Ancient *Eve,*
And with such Zeal they do the trade pursue,
Hanging out sighs, and smiles, and pearls of dew,
They cheat———
Not men alone, but even us Devils too.
They shift so oft, and roul from sin to sin,
From Pride to Malice, then to Pride again:
Now in this form they sin, then in that shape,
Like Water grasp't they do our hands escape;
So if we tempt in Lust, from Lust they fly
To Rage, from Rage to Jealousie.
Yet though we miss 'em here we find 'em there,
And still are sure, although uncertain where;
Nay, they so fast, so swift, sin's Mazes tread,
So surely follow our dire clew of thread,
They'r here with us in Hell before they'r scarcely dead.
Behold they do Appear.

Enter divers fair Women dress't in wanton Garments, they pass over the Stage Singing and Dancing.

1. *Rel. Man.* See where they come, each does such charms display,
My pure Devotions at their sight decay,
And as they pass, they steal my heart away.
I've often seen 'em Dancing hand in hand,
Yet, with my Zeal, I did their force withstand;

But

But now I'm loſt, to pray is needleſs now,
For whilſt I pray to Heav'n to them I bow.

2. *Rel. Man.* Oh how I faint, my Vitals melt away,
And Love, all-conquering Love, has won the day,
Has entred in, in at theſe eyes he came,
With a moſt ſwift and moſt ſurprizing flame!
And through each part, each vein, ſuch heat doth run,
It burns more fierce than the Meridian Sun.

3. *Rel. Man.* Devotion, Incenſe, Sacrifice and Pray'r,
Farewel, you nothing to theſe Saints compare;
Adieu dear Books, (once my delight) adieu,
Thoſe Golden leaves muſt be my ſtudy now.
[*pointing to the Women.*
All Arts and Sciences in them appear;
View but their eyes, Aſtronomy is there.
They are that bliſs which but to gain we'd die,
Therefore let's haſt, let each to's pleaſure fly,
And ſo anticipate the Bliſs that's given,
And without Martyrdom obtain our Heaven:
Let's haſt, for when ſuch mighty joys are near,
One idle Minute loſt out-vies a Year.

Enter the fair Women ſinging.

SONG.

When Charming Beauty does appear,
How can you then deny?
You think the Fruit forbidden here,
And if you taſt, you die.
Lay your Religion but aſide,
That Cloud which hides your eyes,
And you'l for ever here abide,
And call it Paradiſe.
You'l faſt and mortifie no more,
When once this Fruit you eat;
For if you taſte you'l ne're give o're,
'Tis ſo Divinely ſweet.

Then

Then boldly venture to enjoy,
The Bliſs of thoſe above;
This Food doth only Fools deſtroy,
That know not how to Love.
This Heav'nly Tree you may aſcend,
With ſafety and with eaſe.
See how the Boughs their Branches bend,
Deſiring ſtill to pleaſe.
Th' immortal Juice when drunk by you,
Will keep you from all harms,
But if you die, we will die too,
In one an others Arms.

1. *Rel. Man.* O Divine ſound! ſee they again appear,
More pleaſant to the eye than to the ear.
[*Advancing to the Women.*
Fair Goddeſſes, (whoſe looks are ſo Divine,)
We all our hearts do offer at your Shrine;
And if our Sacrifice ſucceſsful prove,
We always ſhall admire you, always love.
1. *Wom.* In their addreſſes ſtill they can't forbear, [*Aſide to*
But they muſt court in Sacrifice and Pray'r: [*the reſt.*
Grave Sires, we doubt whether we may, or no,
Accept of that you ſhould on Heav'n beſtow;
Or if we do, you'l ſtill like Flames aſpire,
And mount to'rds Heav'n, but not our Charms admire:
Or when our Loves you ſhou'd again requite,
You'l Sacrifice all Day, and Pray all Night,
And draw Lifes Scene without one Ray of Light.
1. *Rel. Man.* Grant us but Love, we'l lay aſide our Zeal,
And though we pray to Heav'n, to you we'l kneel;
You our Devotion are, Religion, Pray'r,
And what we ſay is true, as you are fair.
1. *Wom.* By theſe expreſſions you our fears remove,
And we may now believe that you can love;
Unleſs Religions path again you tread,
That perplext Lab'rinth, whoſe ſly winding thread

Leads

Leads you through Thorns and Briars, when you may
Tread upon Roſes, and make ſweet your way.

1. *Rel. Man.* 'Tis the worſt madneſs for a man to ſtay
In darkneſs, when he might enjoy the day;
Our eyes thus open'd now, we plainly view,
Our only happineſs is plac'd in you:
The azure Sky expands its Purple ſhrowd,
And we behold our Heav'n without a Cloud.
With Fancies Pencil, we before did grave
Our Heav'n, and for a Goddeſs carv'd a Slave,
Chain'd to a Gally in a ſtormy Sea,
Rowing 'gainſt Wind and Tide for Liberty,
But never gains his Port: ſo had we ſteer'd
Our Courſe, had not Loves Beacon thus appear'd.
Your eyes thoſe lights are that direct our way,
Like Heav'n, they ſhine with an Eternal Day,
And who e're follows cannot go aſtray.

1. *Wom.* Now you confirm all what you ſaid before.

1. *Rel. Man.* If you believe not, we will ſay much more.

1. *Wom.* You've ſaid enough, and we believe you kind,
You ſee our Bluſhes do declare our mind,
Our Maiden Modeſty they do betray,
As the Suns Riſing does confirm the Day.
The Banquet's ſpread, take, eat, and make good chear,
There's no reſiſtance nor denials here.

1. *Rel. Man.* Of all theſe Dainties only you I chuſe,
And in Exchange I would the World refuſe.

All Men. We'l follow you, but each ſo pleaſant is,
It is impoſſible to chuſe amiſs. [*Each take a Woman.*

1. *Rel. Man.* O Joys Divine! O Everlaſting Bliſs!
Sure the High Pow'r cannot deny us this.
[*kiſſing the firſt Womans hand.*
To kiſs and preſs theſe hands, to view thoſe eyes,
The Starry Harbingers to Paradiſe,
If it be ſin to be to bliſs enſlav'd,
No man upon the Earth would e're be ſav'd.
Or if it be, what Mortal would not ſin,
If he were ſure t'enjoy a Cherubim. [*Exeunt Men and Women.*

Luc. From these ill Hymens shall a Race arise,
Whose Pow'r o're all the World shall Tyrannize;
Lead the Earth Captive, and hold Heav'n in scorn,
And Kings and Princes shall their Pomps adorn:
Yet though they thus Triumphant Glory get,
They shall fall prostrate at a Womans feet:
Resign their Scepter but to stop a frown,
And for a smile they shall present a Crown.
In these all mischiefs and all sorrows dwell:
Were't not for Woman we should have no Hell.
But to his task let ev'ry one Repair,
Be circumspect, and tempt each soul with care:
Be sure you make 'em all of Heav'n despair.
For the success we hitherto have found;
Let Hell in Universal Joy abound,
And as they play we'l here repose a while,
And midst our Torments strive to gain a smile.

They lay themselves down, A Song is Sung, expressing the joy they take in destroying the World, and how their pains are lessened, in having made so brave a Revenge. And, in several Figures, Antick Dances are represented; which done, they vanish, and the rest fly out of sight.

End of the First Act.

ACT the Second.

The Scene Represents a Glorious Sun in its full Meridian.

Enter the Angel Gabriel *and* Noah, *as in Discourse.*

Noah. AND is the time so nigh? Can't Tears obtain
A little Truce? Are all mens Pray'rs in vain?
Will not Oblations his fierce wrath abate?
Nor Holy Sacrifice drive back his hate?

The

XUM

The ſmell of Incenſe he was wont to love,
Will not ſweet ſavours mollifie, nor move?
Muſt all our Altars empty titles bear?
Can't bended knees prevail, nor fervent Pray'r?
To ſpotleſs Souls no Obſtacle is giv'n,
Sincerity will ope' the very Gates of Heav'n.
Gabr. You argue well, but only you alone,
That great Prerogative of Love muſt own;
A Holy Life has all your Actions crown'd,
Therefore both Grace and Favour you have found:
To you and yours the Covenant is giv'n,
All elſe muſt die that breath on this ſide Heav'n;
Therefore prepare with ſpeed, for e're the Sun
Hath ſeven times more, over the Ocean run,
This fatal Doom muſt come.——
Noa. Immenſe Divinity, there's none can ſcan,
'Tis too myſterious for the thoughts of man;
Though all the World muſt periſh in the Flood,
Yet in Deſtruction he is always Good,
His way's unſearchable, no bottom have,
For often he deſtroys that he may ſave:
Strange Contradiction! yet as ſtrangely true,
From the old World muſt riſe a happier new:
As in the Vineyards we th'old Branches lop,
That from their ſtock may riſe a better crop.
Gabr. You are the Vintage which ſuch Joys muſt bring,
You are, at once, both Prieſt and Offering;
And from your Loins ſhall riſe ſo vaſt a Birth,
Your Progeny ſhall people all the Earth:
Children, like Branches of the Vine, ſhall ſpread,
And claſping Tendrils ſhall adorn your Head,
Cluſters of Off-ſprings from your Stock ſhall riſe,
And new Create inth' World a Paradiſe.
Noa. For his great Love how can I Tribute give?
When all's deſtroy'd, to ſuffer me to Live!
His tender Love is Excellently high,
Thus to preſerve ſo mean a Slave as I:

I do confeſs, I do his Image bear,
If that's the Reaſon he my life doth ſpare,
All Mankind elſe ſhould in his Favour ſhare.
Gab. Man firſt of an unſpotted mould he made,
But with baſe ſin they ſince his ſtamp allay'd,
And to his Image they ſuch ſoils have giv'n,
The Coyn will never current paſs in Heav'n.
Noa. How then ſhall I eſcape, ſince all do ſin?
Gabr. You with Obedience do your Maker win;
Leave all the reſt to him, and but obey,
You need not fear the Reſurrection Day.
Then you'l in pleaſing Anthems mount on high,
And Hallelujahs ſing throughout the Sky.
Noa. You've to my Soul ſuch conſolation giv'n,
Methinks, like *Henoch*, I am ſnatch'd to Heav'n.
Gabr. Obſerve the mighty Dictates then in hand,
And with Obedience finiſh his Command;
Be ſure your ſelf, and yours, be ready there,
And of each Fowl, and of each Beaſt a pair.
Of the clean Beaſts the Ark muſt ſeven contain,
But of unclean he doth but two ordain:
Take heed you fail not to perform his Will.
Noa. With Joy and Gladneſs I'le his Acts fulfil.
Gabr. Hail beſt of men, I now muſt leave you here,
When the time's nigh I will again appear;
Be circumſpect, and guard your thoughts with Pray'r,
For the Apoſtate Angels lurk i'th Air,
They'l uſe all means your tender heart to win,
And with falſe pleaſures tempt your Soul to ſin:
All Hail.——— [Gabriel *flies away.*
Noa. All Hail to thee, thou Meſſenger of Heav'n,
With ſpeed I'le act the charge that thou haſt giv'n:
But ſee the Monſters come, with furious rage,
Nor men, nor Angels can their pride aſſwage,
For againſt Heav'n and Earth a War they wage.
Their killing eyes I muſt with care eſcape:
Men monſtrous in their natures as their ſhape.

These, these are they, who have destroy'd the Earth;
O wicked times! but, O more wicked birth! [*Exit.*

Enter Abaddon *and* Agon, *two Monstrous Gyants.*
The Scene a Hilly Country.

Ab. How calm's the Air! What, is his Thunder gone?
Nay then, I'le mount the Sky, and seize his Throne.
Ago. The trembling Moon I'le into pieces rent,
And twist the Stars out of his Firmament.
Ab. The Sun himself that doth so bright appear,
I'le drag about the Sky by's golden Hair,
Then spurn him in the Sea, and quench him there.
Ago. Thunder nor Lightning shall my passage stay,
Angels, nay, Gods shall fall that stop my way.
If Clouds met Clouds, and Storm met Storms, I'de through,
This hand of mine should their whole force subdue:
Whirl-winds shall back upon themselves be driv'n,
And such Assaults shall to their Guards be giv'n,
They shall be forc'd to yield, to us, their Heav'n.
Ab. Let us th' advantage take, while Heav'n is fair;
And all these little Mountains let's prepare,
To raise *Olympus* high't, methinks the Sun
Leans on the top o'th Hill, let's hast and run,
And as he rests surprize him there.

[*By this time the Sun hath got over the top of the Hill.*

Ago. ——— 'Tis vain,
For when we'r there, he's as far off again.
Ab. Then on the Hills we must more Mountains rear.
Ago. This Mountain then you to the top must bear.
Ab. With ease I will perform it, mighty Brother,
That in this Arm, and under this another.
Ago. Yon mighty Mountain I my self, will bring,
And on *Olympus* top with ease I'le fling.
Ab. But see the light o'th Glorious Sun decays.

[*Here the Sun is all o're darkned with a Cloud.*

Ago. He hears us, and for fear draws in his Ray;

We Hills on Hills will raise, till we're so high,
That from their tops we'l step into the Sky,
And all their mighty Godheads tumble down,
Placing upon our selves th' Imperial Crown:
But see our valiant Brothers hither throng,
We'l make Heav'n tremble as we march along.

As they advance towards them, great flashes of Lightning are seen breaking from the Cloud that covers the Sun, after which dreadful claps of Thunder are heard, the Cloud breaks in two, and a shower of fire falls on 'em and destroys 'em: The Sun on a sudden recovers his light, then Lucifer, Saturn, Beelzebub, Asmoday *and* Belial, *rise out of the Earth.*

Luc. See where the Trophies of our Triumphs lye,
This is a way makes sure of Victory,
To make 'em first curse God, then cursing die.
Sat. There's no Redemption for that wicked state,
Where they sin high, and do repent too late;
And now the World is brought to such a Fate.
Beel. They'r hardned now, and do their Fates defie,
Despising the great pow'r of the most High.
Asm. They'r past repentance, and each strives to be
Crown'd the most famous man for Infamy:
But see Despair comes melancholy in,
Our surest aim, and mans most dangerous sin.

Enter Despair melancholy, walking with his Arms a cross.

Desp. What have I done that I must thus be driven,
And banish'd from the glorious light of Heav'n?
Bankrupt of hope, I must a pris'ner stay,
The World it self cannot my forfeits pay:
What have I done! Let all strange mischiefs be
Sum'd up, that wait on man, and they'r in me;
Whoredom, Pride, Murther, Blasphemy and Lust,
Ambition, Rape, and Envy: all the worst
Ingredients of sin to make me curst.

And

And curst I am, in all I do or say,
Fiends stop my mouth when I'de devoutly pray;
I'de think of Heav'n, but they those thoughts expel,
And in its glorious room present me Hell.
Horrors, confusions, all the Plagues that are
Reckon'd in Hell, are harbour'd in despair;
Legions of Devils do my mind possess,
And rob my Soul of its true happiness:
I'm sure I'm damn'd, what need I then take care
Whither I go, since Hell is ev'ry where?
Than to live thus, 'tis better far to die,
And end this endless plague of misery,
All is but Hell, and this shall set me free.

Stabs himself and dies.

Enter a Man-Lover.

Lov. Rejected Love who can with patience bear?
She bids me, though I prostrate fall, despair,
The angry Goddess scorns to hear my Pray'r.
Lovers forsook, death before Treasures crave,
And think no Spouse so happy as a Grave,
Then farewel Love, farewel my sweet desire,
Surely these Waves will quench my raging fire.

[*Throws himself from a precipice into the Sea.*

Enter a Woman-Lover.

Wom. Lov. First to contract, then basely to depart!
Was too too cruel for my tender heart;
For since he's gone I do my self disdain,
I'm turn'd a Reprobate and Heav'n prophane,
Run mad with rage, with this I'le ease my pain.

[*Drinks a Cup of Poyson and dies.*

Luc. But see Ambition on great Pride attends,
Seldom asunder, and yet seldom friends.

Enter

Enter Pride and Ambition.

Pride. You'r too ambitious and too sawcy grown,
Thus to intrude when I would be alone.

Amb. Most mighty Queen, let me your wrath appease,
I ne're approach you but on bended knees;
See at your feet where your offender lies,
And for his fault, when e're you please, he dies:
You are the Saint to whom I always pray,
It is for you I languish night and day,
And at your Shrine my Soul doth pine away.

Pride. Such flattery, such a deluding Art,
Attends all Courts, but ne're shall win my heart;
Your sighs, and groans, and prayr's, are all in vain,
And all these Adulations are prophane:
You'r an Impostor, and with fraud beguile,
But know, none but great Kings shall gain a smile.

Amb. That you may look serene, such force I'le bring,
I'le in an instant crown my self a King;
Nay, I'le be more, for with my mighty pow'r,
I'le over all the World reign Emperor:
The petty Kings shall all their Crowns submit,
And lay their Scepters at your Royal feet:
The plenteous World her dainties shall afford,
And choice varieties shall spread your board,
There's not a sense but shall such pleasures find,
When they combine they shall intrance the mind:
I'le ransack Natures Wardrobe, and adorn
You far more brighter than the rising morn.

Pride. These I enjoy already, I am Queen,
Of all rich Natures richest Magazeen;
Kings with their Scepters at my feet lie down,
And ev'ry Conqueror presents a Crown.

Amb. Since no content, to you, on Earth is giv'n,
I'le change my thoughts, and will advance to Heav'n;
Where you for Jewels glittering Stars shall wear,
And streaming Lights shall guild your radiant hair,

The

The Sun ſhall for us his bright mantle ſpread,
And we will ſleep in ſweet *Auroras* Bed,
Where, like to them, each other we'l embrace,
Raiſing your maiden bluſhes in your face;
With eager zeal lie panting by your ſide,
A loving Bridegroom, you a willing Bride;
Free to enjoy, expanding all your Charms,
Throwing your ſelf and love into my Arms,
Where in cloſe twinings through the Air we'l fly,
And all the Gods that do our Actions ſpy,
Shall envy us for our Mortality.
Then if again we would to earth repair,
We'l gently glide through the ſoft yielding Air,
Diſſolving both into a falling Star.

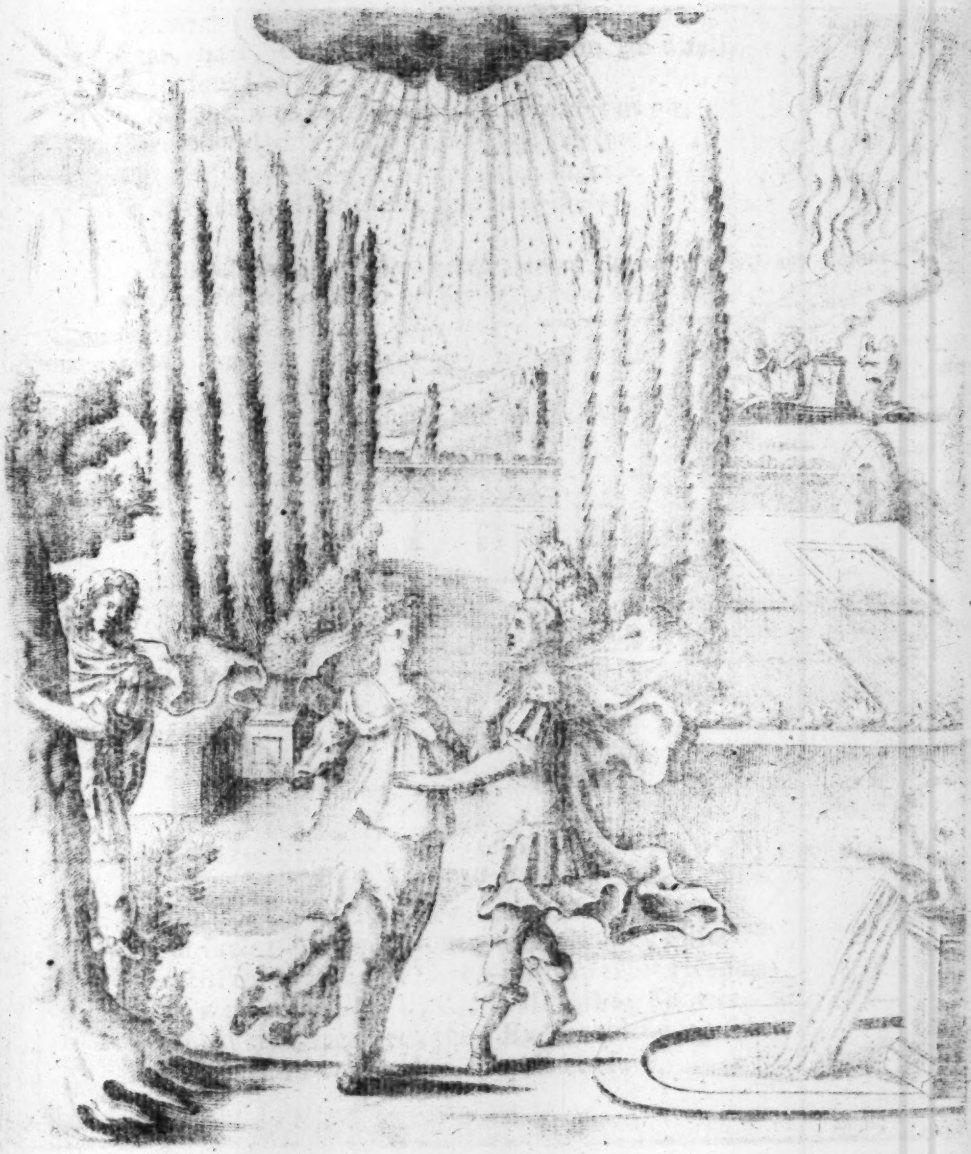
Pride. Your mind ſoars high, but I have thoughts much higher,
Godlike Ideas do my ſoul inſpire,
And I breath nothing now but Heav'nly fire.
Seraphs, and Cherubs, ſhall companious be,
And the bright Angels all ſhall wait on me:
I ſcorn all Kings, and their baſe earths abode,
None ſhall enjoy my love beneath a God;
And you, Earths Gally-ſlave, thus to aſpire
To raiſe your thoughts on me! Vile wretch retire,
And in ſome dirty Creek o'th' Earth forlorn,
Expire as baſely as you're baſely born. *Exit Pride.*

Amb. I'le follow thee where-ever thou doſt fly,
I muſt enjoy, or in purſuit I'le die. *Exit Amb.*

The Scene opens, and diſcovers ſeveral horrid Murthers, drinking to Exceſs, Quarrels, Broils, Rapes, &c.

Luc. Behold whole Troops of ſins the fields ſurround,
In each dividual ſin they ſo abound,
And with ſuch boldneſs they all bliſs defie,
They'd act their ſins though Angels ſhould ſtand by.
Without allurements they to ſin are brought,
Performing crimes we ſcarce our ſelves e're thought:

Thoſe are the chief great Agent ſins which we
With Triumph view, but Heav'n does weep to ſee.
Sat. Yet ſtill we will purſue their direful fall,
'Tis true State-Policy to conquer all,
And not let one ſurvive.——
Luc. This Gallant deed
Outvies our Labours paſt, if it ſucceed:
I'le manage this affair my ſelf, and all
This Holy Tribe into my ſnare ſhall fall.
Mol. The brave by fortune are in Triumph lead:
A glorious Halo does ſurround your head;
True Omen of ſucceſs.——
Luc. Hear then the way—before the mighty Rain
Shall fall, the Angel will appear again;
As they diſcours'd, I, hovering in the Air,
Heard all they ſaid: he bid him have a care
Of us; by which precaution we may know,
He's not impoſſible to overthrow.
I'le ſhake off all theſe ſhagged ſhades of Night,
And will adorn my ſelf with Robes of Light,
Appearing, like to him, all Fair and Bright.
Then with a fawning, ſmooth, deluſive Tale,
I on his tender Conſcience ſhall prevail;
I'le tell him, that the pious Pray'rs he ſent
To Heav'n, does the Worlds fall prevent,
And that a longer date is now decreed,
Before the mighty Judgment will proceed:
Perſwading him, this concourſe of the Earth
Muſt be diſpers'd, each to their place of Birth;
That when the fatal Deluge ſhall be nigh,
All, unprovided, in the Flood may die.
Aſm. This propoſition you have ſtated well,
A thought, fit only for the Prince of Hell.
Luc. In the mean time, leſt we ſhould idle be,
I'th' Holy Tribe, let's raiſe up Jealouſie;
And on true Love we'l ſtamp ſo baſe a ſhape,
They ſhall miſtake embraces for a Rape.



XUM

Sat. Though they are free from each dividual sin,
We need not fear, if we with this begin;
For with suspition Legions enter in:
Fear, hate, revenge, all plagues within 'em dwell,
A Jealous Lover is possest with Hell.

Luc. Now to our Gloomy Caverns let us go,
Carrying glad tydings to our States below:
Since all we act prevails with such success,
We, even in Hell it self, find happiness.

They all sink; as they vanish, great Flashes of Fire are seen, and horrid Acclamations of Joy are heard. The Scene on a sudden changes, and represents Hell, where sundry Devils are flying up and down, and others in extravagant postures dancing for joy, &c.

End of the second Act.

ACT the Third.

Scene a pleasant Garden adorn'd with various Walks, and close Bowers, and Enameled with Purling Rivolets; a Showre of Rain is seen to fall: the Sky on a sudden clears up, and a glorious Sun appears.

Enter Sem, and Philothea, Japhets Wife.

Phil. SUre Brother, the sad time is drawing nigh,
And this same Scene th' event doth Prophecy;
Such a bright Morn, before, sure ne're did rise
From such a boistrous night, such Gloomy Skies:
Yet still the fragrant Flowers raise up their Heads,
That were beat down by the swift falling Showre,
With lively Grace deck their Ennameld Beds,
And smell far sweeter than they did before.

Sem. The propoſition you propound is well,
This Stormy Night may the great Flood foretel;
It is ſo long ſince any Rain did fall,
That it ſeems now a Prodigie to all;
And though the Storm was great, yet view around,
The Earth has but its due refreſhment found:
And rather doth the Vales adorn, than ſpoil,
Making the Meadows ſeem with Joy to ſmile.
So we by this ſad Emblem may expreſs,
Our preſent ſtate, and future happineſs;
The Worlds deſtruction in the Tempeſt born,
And our felicity in th' riſing Morn:
The Suns bright Beams do promiſe to requite,
With joyful Rays, this Tragedy of Night,
Decking the Day with his Tranſcendent Light.

Phil. Like to himſelf, his mighty Bleſſings riſe,
Both Infinite, and none can them compriſe.

Sem. We Hecatoombs of Sacrifices owe,
Which on his Holy Altars ſoon we'l rair,
And in thankſgiving we our zeal will ſhow,
For all his Favours, in an humble Pray'r.
Yet for the bleſſed Talent we receive,
Our Stewardſhip can't ſatisfaction give.

Phil. He ne're requires returns for what he lends,
So that we manage it for happy ends;
He beſtows Grace, which grace if we accept,
In the acceptance we diſcharge the Debt.

Sem. Than the receiving, ſomething more is due,
We muſt increaſe, and multiply it too:
For barely to accept the Grace that's giv'n,
Is not the ready way to mount to Heav'n.

Phil. Grace is the Center where all vertues fall,
And having that we do embrace 'em all:
As in the body of one ſingle Grain,
The ſpecies of ſeveral more remain.

Sem. As each dividual Grain its numerous birth,
And its increaſe owes to the fertile Earth,

So we for Grace indebted are to Heav'n,
Of which a just account must once be giv'n.
Or like neglectful husbandmen, our Crops
Will blasted be, and rob us of our hopes:
So we Heav'ns Harvest must with care get in,
Or what's a virtue soon will turn a sin.
But this discourse defer'd, and let us praise
And magnifie th' eternity of Days.
Come, Sister, to the Altar let's repair,
And the small time we have we'l spend in Pray'r;
With all sincerity we'l him adore,
Mankind can ask, and He'l exact no more:
When to th' All-high there's such a Victim givln,
Bright Angels wait to carry't up to Heav'n.

Phil. By all th' endearments of a Royal mind,
I love you more than man; so sweet, so kind
Are all your mellow'd words, that I rejoyce,
And think, when e're you speak, I hear an Angels voice.

As they are going out Japhet *Enters.*

Japh. And I a Devils tongue. Oh Heavens! that she,
Should be so kind to him, so false to me.
To love him more than man! Oh tortur'd heart!
Sure Jealousie has shot me with her Dart.
What a strange fancy does my mind surprize,
Her Soul, me thought, flew to him, from her eyes,
A glowing heat did in her face appear,
Showing, at once, her passion and her fear.
But I'le observe and watch where they repair,
For now's the time for Sacrifice and Pray'r.
And if they should prove false, they both shall die,
And fall a Victim for Idolatry,
For bowing to that Idol in the Eye. *Exit.*

The Scene opens, and represents several Altars with Sacrifices on them, the Sacrificers devoutly kneeling before them. A Cloud of Fire Descends on the Altars, and consumes the Sacrifices, then Ascend. A Song is sung all the while the Cloud rises, expressing the acceptation of their Sacrifice, and then the Scence changes to the Garden.

Enter Noah.

Noa. What unaccustom'd miracle is this,
That Heav'nly fire should burn our Sacrifice?
How like a Meteor it trild through the Air,
As swiftly down as upward went our Pray'r.
The Omen's good, for by the token given,
Our Pray'rs and Victims both are gone to Heav'n:
But see, from far a Messenger is sent,
Seeming to bear some news of vast portent;
For by his swiftness he out-flies the Wind,
Out-strips the Lightning, and leaves time behind:
And he's already here.

Enter Lucifer *in Robes of Light.*

Luc. Hail mighty Prince,
The news I bring will much amaze your sense;
For by your Holy Pray'rs, and Pious Zeal,
You the Destruction of the World repeal:
You call back Fate, which does so swiftly move,
So strong's your Mighty Faith, so good Heav'ns Love,
Mankind is sav'd, you need not now embark
Your selves, nor Beasts, for all the World's an Ark.
Salvation to you all I must declare,
For Heav'n, against the World, proclaims no War.
All wrath's defer'd, and now your mighty train
Of Birds and Beasts, must be disper's'd again;
Each to their homes, the Beasts to Woods and Brakes,
The Fowl to Meadows, Woods, Springs, Ponds and Lakes:
To confirm which, if you a sign require,
Instead of rain shall fall a Showre of Fire.

[*A Showre of Fire falls down.*

Noa. I something doubted what was said by you,
But now this token doth confirm it true,
For the All-high doth seldom speak in vain,
Nor cancels that which he doth Pre-ordain;

This very day too, is the last of all,
That he design'd before the Rain should fall:
But pardon me, if I mistrustful was,
The strictness of my Duty was the cause,
And the great charge that I receiv'd before,
To act his Will, increast it something more.
Besides, our Granaries are full of store;
The Ark's so furnish'd too, we need no more:
Yet your Commands I shall with speed obey,
They shall be scatter'd all by break of Day.
To what the goodness of th' All-High doth tend,
I must admire, but cannot comprehend. [*Exit* Noah.

Luc. The deed is done; now if Heav'ns eye prove blind,
They too shall die, as well as all Mankind.
How frail is man! How brittle Natures Frame!
Their Sense and Judgment bears an empty name;
Their Reason, like their Natures, too are small,
One false Idea can delude 'em all.
So *Eve*, and the first man I did betray;
Now *Noah*, second *Adam*, lead astray:
With a false show, and with a Robe of Light,
I have Eclipst his reason, stop'd his sight,
That he mistakes me for an Angel Bright.
But hold, I brag too soon, from yonder Sky,
The mighty Angel, *Gabriel*, I espy:
At sight of him my Burnish'd Rays decay,
My glittering Robes do melt and fade away,
And all the Fiend that's in me doth betray.
I fain would sink and hide me from his face,
But he hath chain'd me to this very place:
I dread to hear Heav'ns direful Thunder fall,
That was the Engine first destroy'd us all,
That does my Soul and Spirits too confound,
That makes me prostrate fall upon the ground,
And lye here groveling to receive the wound.

A Clap of Thunder is heard, at which, Noah *and the rest return as frighted,* Gabriel *flies down, and* Lucifer *sinks at the same time. And immediately* Lucifer *rises in his horrid shape.* Gabr.

Gabr. Curſed Impoſtor! do'ſt thou think the eyes,
Of the All-High can't ſee thy falſe diſguiſe?
That he ſhould be by a Phantaſtick Shade
Deceiv'd, and cous'ned, who the ſubſtance made?
No, thy Impoſtum'd fancy is as vain,
As when you fought with Heav'n, in Heav'n to Reign
Supream, and th' Empyrean Crown to ſway,
Then, then, how ſoon you fell, and loſt the Day.
Think how you rowl'd into Eternal pain,
With all your numerous aſtoniſh'd Train;
Think but of that, you'l ne're project again.
But for this deed thou ſhalt Heav'ns Vengeance feel,
And on thy Head ſhall fall its pointed ſteel,
And ſink thee down into the deep Abyſs;
Where whirling headlong with a direful Hiſs,
The damn'd themſelves ſhall wonder how you fell,
And you in Hell ſhall find a hotter Hell:
For you ſuch Torments ſhall endure, even all
Hells mighty pains ſhall ſhew to yours but ſmall.

Luc. Since you upbraid me, know, that I defie
The mighty Thunders of your Potent Sky;
For being Prince of all the Heav'nly train
That fell, I therefore have the greateſt pain:
So b'ing inur'd to Tortures, I can bear
All the Extremities you can prepare,
And ſtill rejoyce, I can ſo far deceive,
As with my guiles to make 'm all believe.
From me that diſmal Sentence firſt began,
That made th' All-High wiſh he had ne're fram'd man:
So to perform't, I did their lives purſue,
That I might have a New-born World t'undoe.

Gabr. Theſe horrid Blaſphemies your hate doth vent,
Shall be reveng'd with direful puniſhment;
And ſince you can diſpenſe with pains, prepare
To entertain Heav'ns Thunderbolts of War.

Lightning and Thunder falls down upon Lucifer, *with which he ſinks, after which, a horrid noiſe is heard.*

So

So now all's safe, you must with care proceed,
To get all Creatures in the Ark with speed,
For e're the Eastern Sun salutes the Skies,
The Fountains of the mighty Deep shall rise,
The great Flood-Gates of Heav'n shall open wide
Their Sluce, and fall like an impetuous Tide;
But e're I part, I will each Creature mark,
For fear some Fiend should get into the Ark
In a Beasts borrowed shape: then shall begin
The Rain, and then I'le come and shut you in.

[*Exit* Gabriel.

Noa. Into what dang'rous perils had we fell,
By this Delusion of the Prince of Hell!
Had not the eye of Heav'n Protector been,
And sav'd us all from this unpardon'd sin:
For this great Love we'l all thanksgiving pay,
In mem'ry of this sad, yet joyful day,
And ne're desist till time shall fade away.
In Holocausts, Sin-Offerings, and Flame,
In Holy Anthems, we'l his praise proclaim,
And magnifie, throughout the World, his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Moloch *in the shape of a Beast.*

Mol. Curst be his cunning search; can there no shape,
No Plot, the piercing eye of Heav'n escape?
I in this Beastly form, thought I was safe,
And often to my self did smile and laugh,
To think how soon, wise Heav'n I might beguile,
And all its tedious undertakings spoil;
When Lo, I heard an Angels mystick Charm,
That did my Soul and Spirits both alarm:
Thus rous'd, I quickly from his presence flew,
As swift as thought, yet still as falling Dew:
The very sense of what he did declare,
Does pierce me deeper, than his Thunder, far.
And I'm asham'd I came so tame away,
And blush to think I durst not disobey;

That my great will's controul'd, there lies my pain;
That makes my Hell, and links my direful Chain.
When the great charm is heard i'th Deep below,
We, blushing, gaze about, then weep our woe,
Grieve for what's past, then vex for being so.
When most in mischief, then we most are well;
Thoughts of Repentance make our greatest Hell.
To desp'rate Souls, when the last Trumpet sounds
The word for Ever, Everlasting wounds;
So desperation 'tis our Souls confounds:
But since by Stratagem, nor Ambuscade,
We can't the mighty Force of Heav'n invade,
By strength alone, our Force we must declare,
And 'gainst the Ark proclaim an open War:
We'l the whole pow'r of the four Winds let go,
They East, and West, and North and South shall blow,
Till, by their blasts, the Ark they overthrow.
Then we'l rejoyce over this conquer'd Ball,
With dreadful Hollows Triumph in its Fall.

[*Sinks down.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT the Fourth.

Scene the Deluge, representing Men and Beasts, of all sorts, promiscuously swimming together, only one Hill remaining above the Waves. The Ark is discovered on the Surface of the Waters.

Enter some few Men as escap't from the lower parts.

1. *Man.* OH wretched State of Man! where shall I fly?
Where e're I look, a thousand Deaths I spy!
Yet by one cause it is all Creatures die;
So Pestilential Air Mens veins does burn,
And all Diseases to the Plague do turn:

Agues

XUM

Agues and Feavers, all the num'rous throng
Of Maladies, that to Mankind belong:
Old Age, and Infancy, and all muſt have,
For their ſure Remedy, one certain Grave,
A floating Tomb form'd of a ſwelling Wave.

2. *Man.* In vain, our ſelves, we title Lords of all,
And with the names of Mighty, Puiſſant, call.
Great Kingdoms, Nations, Monarchies and Powers,
With idle flattery we ſay all's ours:
Since ev'ry Inſect, ev'ry Creature can,
This great Plenipotentiary unman;
Nay, through our veins ſuch killing poyſons paſs,
Each ſmall Diſtemper breaks the brittle Glaſs.
But theſe we fear not, though pernitious they,
Too often take our pretious Lives away:
A greater Plague is come, a Draught that will,
Not only Man and Beaſt, but even Nature kill.

3. *Man.* Vain miſ-believing Man! Can't death be found,
Nor learnt, but when he's ſtriking of the Wound?
Can't we believe his mighty piercing Steel,
Nor know his Dart before its point we feel?
But now, too late, we ſee our dreadful Foe,
And ſtrive to ſhun what we are ſure to know;
He ſtalks along with a Majeſtick pace,
With direful Deſolation in his Face:
Caſtles and Tow'rs, Rocks, Mountains, all are vain,
All are o're-whelm'd, all cover'd by the Rain,
And only this doth 'bove the Waves remain.
Too late we now believe our Reverend Sire,
Too late we know his truths, and worth admire:
Now his Prophetick raging Judgment's come,
And in the rapid Waves we find our Tomb.
In vain he preach'd, in vain good manners taught,
Him and his Precepts both we ſet at naught,
Which has this dire Deſtruction on us brought.

Exeunt.

Enter a Woman with ſeveral Children hanging about her, ſome in her Arms, &c.

1. *Chil.* O my dear Mother, how the Waves do roar.
Moth. My aid, Dear Children, you in vain implore;
I've given you all, and now can give no more:
Unleſs I do anticipate your fears,
And Drown you all in Deluges of Tears:
Like to a harmleſs Herd that haſts away,
From a fierce Tyger that would on 'em prey;
And to ſome ſafe retiring Covert fly,
Where they in vain their ſmall Defiance try,
Till the poor Dams do with their young ones die.
But I'm afraid, ſo faint my Spirits grow,
And grief's ſo great, I ſhall prevent the blow.
2. *Chil.* Will you then die, and leave us here alone,
To all things, but to miſery, unknown?
Strangers to all, where e're we walk or go,
Companions only to ſad grief and woe;
We their acquaintance in all places find,
Marching before, or tracing us behind.
3. *Chil.* What ſhall we do? if we ſtay here we die;
To yonder higher Mountain let us fly,
It is ſome eaſe to prolong miſery.
Moth. Chear up, my Infants, ſince no hopes remain,
But that together we muſt all be ſlain,
And in one Diſmal Grave Intomb'd muſt lie;
Thus hand in hand we will prepare to die,
And launch from hence into Eternity.
1. *Chil.* Here I will graſp.——— [*Hangs on the Mother*
2. *Chil.*——— Here I'le for ever ſtay,
Till Deſolation hurries me away.
Moth. Thus then let's go, let each one take their hold,
And Miſer-like, I'le periſh with my Gold.
So deſp'rate Souls that on their Deaths bed lie,
Take their laſt Cordial, and then faint and die. *Exeunt.*

The Scene changes, and discovers a throng of Women and Children on the highest Mountains, who on a sudden are all overwhelm'd with the Waves. The Scene changes again, and represents Hell, with Lucifer, Sathan, Beelzebub, Asmoday *and* Belial, *sitting in Council in their* Pandæmonium; Moloch *swiftly flying down to them.*

Mol. Hell and Damnation seize this mystick sense,
And Curse upon the eye of Providence;
Such a design, so close, so surely laid,
One should have thought, would all Heav'ns watch evade;
Hid ev'n to all but *Gabriels* searching eyes,
Who soon discover'd me through this Disguise:
Those piercing eyes that penetrate all bars,
And shine far brighter than the cleerest Stars;
From his Transcendent Beams I stole away,
And swift as wind I div'd beneath the day,
But his more swifter eyes trac'd all my way.
I grinning turn'd me round, and saw the Door
Of th' Ark made fast, he standing just before,
With his bright Flaming sword; so now we are
Compel'd by Force to proclaim open War.
By this time too, the Waters so prevail,
They o're the tops o'th' highest Mountains scale;
That fifteen Cubits 'bove the Earth they rise,
And by their height they seem to touch the Skies.
So to our War, a stop may soon be giv'n,
Unless we hast, the Ark so high is driv'n,
I fear, before we go, 'twill sail to Heav'n.

Luc. Then let us haste, with all our Banners spread,
Blazon'd with all the Trophies of the Dead;
With a large Deluge that to Heav'n does flow,
A Shipwrack'd Ark, half sinking down below,
And all our Legions following their blow.
Thus let us pass, and through the Deluge glide,
Springing, like thought, above the swelling Tide.

[*They all fly out of sight.*

The Scene changes, Repreſenting all deſtroy'd but the Ark, which is ſwimming on the Surface of the Waters. All the Devils appear again.

Lus. Ho *Moloch*! looſe the Eaſtern Wind, let go,
Belial, the Weſt, both ſhall together blow,
You, *Aſmoday*, muſt rule the Southern Wind,
Ho *Beelzebub*! the ſtubborn North unbind,
Whilſt I and *Satan*, like two mighty Whales,
Toſs up the Ark, with our impetuous Tails;
And beat and bandy it from Wave to Wave,
Till 'tis impoſſible for Heav'n to ſave.
Let us all Charge, and with one dreadful Shock,
Sink down this floating World, this ſwimming Rock;
Which though through Dangers it doth ſafely ride,
And boldly with its Prow doth ſweep the Tide,
Yet not ſo ſafe, but that no doubt we may
Make it a brave and a Triumphant day.

Here they all aſſault the Ark, and almoſt overturn it. Several Flaming Chariots full of Angels fly down, from whence breaks Thunder and Lightning, which drives them headlong into the Deep. The Scene changes, and repreſents Noah *in the Ark.*

Noah. What dreadful noiſe and roarings round us move,
Far be't that we have ſin'd to loſe Heav'ns Love,
To feel his Wrath, making our bliſs become
A Curſe, our Sanctuary turn our Tomb.
Eſcaping Rocks and Shipwracks, now to find
His Goodneſs Infinite to be unkind;
But far be't too, I ſhould his Love miſtruſt,
Who is all Mercy, all Divine, all Juſt,
Who from his word doth never go away;
His Cov'nant is Eternal, as the Day.
For he protecting, Rocks, nor Gulphs avail,
Through Seas of Storms we ſhall in ſafety ſail. [*Exit.*

Enter Sin *and* Death, Sin *appearing upward like a fair Beautiful Woman, but ending in a Serpentine Scaly Tail,* Death *wearing a Crown of Gold upon his Head.*

Sin. What glorious Trophies ought t' adorn my Head,
Since I have Crown'd you Lord o're all the Dead.

Dea. It was from you that I did firſt begin,
My Father *Satan,* but my Mother *Sin*:
So for my b'ing, I'm ready to obey,
And wait your ſtrict Commands both Night and Day;
Where e're you go, I will your train attend,
To ſee your Enemies or deareſt Friend.

Sin. For thy great Love I've had thee to the Court,
My chief delight, where all my Friends reſort;
Envy, *Ambition*, *Malice*, *Hatred*, *Pride*,
Luſt, *Flattery*, and all the reſt beſide,
Too tedious to account: by whoſe ſly ways,
And guiles, we've gain'd our ſelves Immortal praiſe.

Dea. There I did firſt grow great, I was before
Naked, and ſtarv'd, and miſerably poor:
When I on Plants and Herbs did feed, and all
That e're the tedious Scyth of *Time* did fall.
When I in Towns and Cottages did live,
All that I had would no contentment give.
So lean and thin I look'd, 'twas only then
I got the name of Sceleton from men;
But ſince, at Court, I've fill'd this Rav'nous Jaw,
And with ſweet Dainties cram'd and gorg'd my Maw,
That now I am grown ſo vigorous at heart,
I dare encounter Armies with my Dart.

Sin. Nay, more, your mighty Empire ſpreads ſo far,
Its boundleſs circuit does admit no Bar:
So Monarch-like you Reign o're ev'ry thing,
Except the Ark, you're Univerſal King.
That Ark, which like the World, if it ſhould be
O'rethrown, you, next to that, will ruin me.

Then

Then shall your Empire end, so soon as I
Do leave this World, you too, your self, must die.
Dea. Since I have had such plenty, and such store
Of all varieties, what need I more:
Therefore ne're fear I will Mankind pursue,
So far, as to be forc'd to prey on you:
You are forbidden Fruit, and if I try,
To taste of you, I, when I taste, must die,
And lose this Earthly Paradise, and be
For ever lost in vast Eternity.
So for your sake, the Ark shall safely sail,
And o're the Waves, as they o're all, prevail;
So Heavenly is your face, you shall be seen,
In future Ages, a most Glorious Queen:
You shall be deck'd in such deluding Charms,
That Kings shall wish to die between your Arms;
Lie panting on your Breast, and with one smile,
You Universal Nature shall beguile.
A Talent but to touch, or glance, or toy,
A thousand for a kiss, the World t' enjoy.
Nay, men your company shall like so well,
Within your Tents they shall desire to dwell,
And for your Love shall pawn their Souls to Hell.
Sin. You chear my Spirits now, and I presage
I shall grow mighty in th' ensuing Age,
As I have been in this, but that the fall
And price of sin won't be so general:
From *Noah*'s Vineyard, I already spy
Him drunk with Wine, and naked to the eye:
His laughing Son does a sad Curse obtain,
Such are th' effects of a distemper'd Brain.
A Curse which will for ever last, and be
A sad remembrance to Posterity.
Hence Curses, Murthers, Whoredom, Rapes, proceeds,
Incest, Blasphemous words, and desp'rate Deeds;
Hence do most mischiefs rise, therefore my Son,
I call this sin my lovely Paragon:

From whence to you ſhall many Trophies fly,
By Surfets, Feavers, Broils, do moſt men die.

Dea. This ſin to me is a moſt welcom gueſt,
For ev'ry Day it yields a plenteous Feaſt.

The Dove with an Olive Branch flies croſs the Stage.

But ſee the *Dove* with an indulgent care,
Hafts to the Ark, through the mild peaceful Air,
And in his beak an *Olive* Branch doth bear:
Emblem of Peace, white Parlee Flag, which he,
The Enſign waves, to ſet the Monarch free;
Pen'd up in th' Ark, which on the Mount doth ſtand,
In ſafety now upon the ſtable Land:
Such joy will from this Embaſſage be giv'n,
As dying Saints, in Viſion, view their Heav'n.
Therefore with haſte you thither muſt repair,
With ſly Temptations bring them to your ſnare:
I'le follow you, and whilſt you make the ſet,
I, over all, will draw the fatal Net.

Sin. Come, Son, like Ice I will to all appear,
Where they ſlide ſwiftly on, and never fear;
Seldom look back, to ſee what does purſue,
But boldly venture, and ne're think of you:
Until at laſt they hear the dreadful crack,
In vain they then repent, in vain look back. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes, and diſcovers Noah *in the Ark, the Angel* Gabriel *appearing to him.*

Gabr. Hail Earths preſerver, Heav'n remembers thee,
And all thy Creatures, all thy Family;
For on the Earth he's caus'd a Wind to blow,
Has ſtruck the Flood, and made it ſink below:
Th' Almighty Word no ſooner heard, but they
With haſty zeal march forward to obey,
And to their utmoſt *Thule* ſwiftly ran,
Sinking i'th' Deep, from whence they firſt began.

The Earth her shrowd of Waters throws away,
And all appears most pleasant, sweet, and gay:
It seems to be Earths Coronation day.
A New-born Light springs from the Torrid Flood,
And Heav'n again declares that it is good:
He is all Peace, and now sends his Command,
You from the Ark depart to Till the Land;
You, and all yours must to the Earth repair,
Each creeping thing, all Beasts and Birds of th' Air:
For he this Blessing doth bequeath once more,
Increase and Multiply the World with store.
Hail, and Farewell. —— *Exit.*

[Noah *turning to his Family.*

Noa. You hear th' Ambrosial Words Divinely sweet,
Like Harmony, when Concords joyntly meet.
This immense Goodness, like th' All-High, doth prove,
Almighty Merciful, Almighty Love;
The Sun to th' Earth is reconcil'd again,
And Heav'n reiterates his Grace to men:
Therefore his Name we will with praise extol,
And on th' Omnipotent, th' Immortal, call,
Ev'n all the Ark shall with one voice declare
Their Love, and sound his Praises through the Air.
So let our thanks for these great Blessings rise
In Hallelujahs, Ecchoing through the Skies. [*Exeunt.*

{ *After some Harmony is heard, the Scene changes, and* { *represents them descending from the Ark.*

Noa. But hark, what sweet Hosannas fill the Air,
And charming Notes our happiness prepare;
And in my Breast a secret Joy doth rise,
Whose Symphonies my very Soul surprize:
By this I know the Earth has found his Grace,
He doth the Prodigal again embrace,
And cloaths her all in an embroider'd dress
Of many thousand Colours, to express

The

The mighty work of Nature, and her Art,
Enamelling the Earth in ev'ry part
With ſuch Imbelliſh'd ſtreams, in ſuch a hew,
They ſpeak their own and Makers glory too:
With ſilent Oratory they declare
His Praiſe, but we in Sacrifice and Pray'r.
So in Burnt Offerings, and Holy Fire,
Our Tributary thanks ſhall t' Heav'n aſpire,
And touch the ſenſe of him and all his Holy Quire. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes, and repreſents them offering up a Sacrifice of Thankſgiving.

Noa. Since the All-High doth now again reſtore
The World, I hope he will deſtroy't no more;
And that his Ancient Love he will renew,
And man no more with ſuch dire wrath purſue.
But on the wicked let thy fury fly,
Let Reprobates with the polluted die;
But let the Innocent thy Grace enjoy;
Let not one Gangren'd Limb the whole deſtroy:
Accept this Sacrifice, which is deſign'd
In thanks, for preſervation of Mankind.
Suffer not time to ſhake our Glaſs too ſoon,
Nor let our Ages Sun-ſhine ſet at Noon;
But to our Patriarchs years let them abound,
Then fall, like ſhedding Roſes, to the ground:
That like the Roſe, though wither'd, parch'd and dry,
We may fall ſweet, and in perfumes may die.

[*The Angel* Gabriel *flies down to them.*

Gabr. With your Oblations Heaven is pleas'd ſo well,
He, from the Earth, does a ſweet ſavour ſmell;
And with the World a Covenant doth make,
He will no more deſtroy it for Mans ſake.
So if again great Storms and Floods appear,
No Deluge ſhall ſurprize the World with fear;
He keeps in awe the Catarracts of Rain,
And the vaſt Sea does to its Channel chain.

As you are Lords of all, and made above
All other Creatures, ſo muſt be your Love;
In Love and Quiet Reign, and ever be
From cruel Murthers, and Manſlaughters free:
For who e're ſpills the Blood of Man, ſhall fall
A bloody Victim to his Funeral.
He is Heav'ns Tyrant, and the Earth's diſgrace,
And ſtabs his Maker in his Creatures Face:
The Earth, Sea, Air, and all the things that grow,
Heav'n does for food, and for your uſe beſtow;
Only the blood of Beaſts you muſt refrain,
Since that doth both the Life and Soul contain:
So to confirm his promiſe, he hath bow'd
His Royal Signet in yon horrid Cloud.

[*The Rainbow appears.*

In ſuch a form the painted Arch appears,
As mourning Heav'n, ſeems even to ſmile, in Tears.

Noa. But in ſuch pleaſant mourning, ſuch a ſhrowd,
It ſeems to be an Hieroglyphick Cloud,
Of Grief and Joy, and intermixt ſo fine,
The Artiſt, Nature, ſhews her Work's Divine;
And in the Bow no Shaft nor Arrow's ſeen,
But the whole ſcene is peaceful and ſerene.
With wonder, and amazement, I behold
Thoſe ſtreaks of Light, ſo mixt with ſtreams of Gold,
It an Enamell'd Amulet doth ſeem,
To preſerve Man, and all his Race redeem:
Hung on the boſom of the Sky, to be
A charm to keep the World from Tempeſts free.

Gabr. Well doſt thou Judg, henceforth ſhall heat and cold,
Seed-time, and Harveſt, their due Seaſons hold:
Winter and Summer ſhall their Courſe maintain,
And Day and Night ſhall never err again;
Till Time and Nature too ſhall both decay,
And the laſt Trumpet ſummon all away:
That dreadful ſound ſhall make the Earth to quake,
The Stars fall down, and Heav'n it ſelf to ſhake;

The Sun turn black, the Moon all Blood; till then
Shall all theſe Bleſſings be ſhowr'd down on men:
All Hail Mankind, and when this ſign you view,
Think of the Cov'nant ſeal'd 'twixt Heav'n and you.

Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT the Fifth.

The Scene repreſents a Vineyard, and all ſort of Fruit-Trees.

Noah *Enters.*

Noah. LIKE the ſix days Creation Earth appears,
And all the glorious Pomp of Heav'n it wears;
With a tranſplendent glory every thing
Doth ſhine, and ſhows a new-born Infant Spring:
View but each Plant, each Tree, how fair they ſtand,
Like Trees of Life, each tempt the willing hand,
And every Proſpect ſeems an *Eden* Land.
View the imbroidred Liv'ries of the Flowers,
The *Eglantine* and *Jeſs'min* wreath'd in bowers;
Obſerve the flavours that from each do riſe,
How through the Air the Balmy Odor flies;
One would in Tranſport ſay——
The Earth, in joy, with Heav'n doth ſympathize.
The Divine Orange whoſe Immortal Fruit,
With the Omnipotence of Heav'n doth ſuit;
Her fertile growth is in Eternal Bloom,
And Emblems forth Eternity to come.
But, above all, view the rich pregnant Vine,
How with enamel'd cluſters it doth ſhine,
Sure this, if any, muſt be term'd Divine.
I'le go and taſte the Fruit that ſeems ſo fair,
And yet my private thoughts bid me, beware.

Fancy preſcribes new Arts, new Methods ſhews,
And ſays, the Vine her Fruit thus ill beſtows,
And that for higher, nobler ends it grows:
So e're the Sun with his all-parching Ray,
Diſtills the juice of th' udder'd Grapes away,
I will the Dictates of my mind obey.
Between two Planks the liquid juice I'le ſqueeze,
Then drain it forth, and clear it from the Lees:
The Project's good, I'le haſt and try the way,
'Tis pity that this thought ſhould loſe a day. [*Exit.*

Enter Shem *and* Japhet, *as from Work, with fruit.*

Shem. How mighty hot does the Sun dart his Beams.
Japh. Let's haſt to yonder Cryſtal purling Streams,
Where there's an Arbor fram'd by Natures hand,
And on each ſide with pleaſant gales 'tis fan'd;
There let's repoſe from the fierce ſcorching heat,
Repaſt a while, then to our task retreat.
Shem. And as we go I'le a ſtrange thing relate,
That bears ſome hidden Myſtery of Fate.
E're the bright Sun his Eaſtern courſe begun,
And o're the World his purple mantle flung;
By dawn of day, e're he his portion drew
Through his Alembick heat of pearly Dew,
In yonder Mead, as to my task I went,
I ſaw (ſtrange ſight!) the Aged Elephant,
Who for his knowledg, (ſince the World began)
Excels the whole Creation, except Man:
I ſaw this Beaſt, with greedy appetite,
Feed on a poyſonous Berry, black as night,
And in its Nature baneful. 'Tis Heav'ns Will
The outward form ſhould ſhew the inward ſtill;
As Toads are ugly made 'cauſe they're in Nature ill.
Japh. 'Tis ſtrange, a Creature of ſo vaſt a ſenſe,
Should chuſe out food of ſuch dire conſequence,
Since every ſimple Beaſt, by inſtinct, can
Feed on what's good, and what is bad refrain.

Shem.

Shem. He had not long fed on this fatal Food,
But that his Eyes grew dim, he trembling ſtood;
His Legs like Pillars that might even Towers bear,
Were, like a Bulruſh, waver'd by the Air:
His nimble Trunk that cookt him all his meat,
Hung dangling down, and trail'd beneath his feet:
On's Ivory Teeth he lean'd his drowſie Head,
Then on a ſudden reel'd, and fell down dead.

Japh. Laſt night in th' Eve, when in the Weſtern Bay
The Sun had ſlop'd the ſwift carrier of Day,
And in the Ocean cool'd his fiery Steeds,
As ſtrange a thing I ſaw in yonder Meads;
One of the ſtragling Herd ſtray'd to a rill,
Hid with luxuriant Graſs, there drank his fill:
He ſwill'd ſo much, I thought he would have burſt,
And at the ſight I even quench'd my thirſt;
But as he ſtrove to turn his head aſide,
Some Meagrim ſeiz'd his Brain, and he in th' Water died.

Shem. Let's to our Father haſte, to know th' events,
For theſe are ſomething more than accidents. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ham *with a Bough of Fruit bleeding in his hand.*

Ham. What Prodigie is this! Wood drops forth Blood!
Sure I've not err'd in gathering my Food;
And ſure there's no forbidden Fruit again:
Heaven has each thing that grows beſtow'd on Man,
If ſo, within theſe Myſtick drops, I ſee,
Lies ſome Prophetick ill that aims at me;
My Soul Prognoſticks ſo, Heaven change my Fate.
Oh Heavens! This does my wonder more create,
That a pure crimſon hue ſhould dye a black,
[*all his hand turns black.*
And make my ruddy Skin a ſable take:
Such a ſtrange change never before befel
To any, but to th' Arch-Angels Hoſt in Hell,
And that my Fate, as theirs, ſhould prove ſevere,
Does 'bove my wonder far increaſe my fear.

To

To learn the truth, I'le to my Fathers Tent,
He'l soon expound what by this riddle's meant:
For he who could foretel the mighty Rain,
Small Oracles of Heaven can sure explain. [*Exit.*

Enter Satan.

Sat. The godly Man who was so just and good,
Who like a Cedar in th' Worlds forest stood,
Who 'gainst sins blasts, and Hurricanes prevail'd,
At length, behold, is fall'n.——
The Guardian senses were surpriz'd by sin,
She undermin'd the Tower, then enter'd in,
And seiz'd on mighty Reason's Magazine.
Hell silence kept, when she her Speech began,
And all rejoyc'd this second fall of Man;
I was, my self, strook with amazement too,
And I am glad I find the Scene prove true:
But why should I admire that he should be
So much o're-seen, since 'twas the same with me,
Drunk with Ambition, down from Heav'n I fell,
And like a Blazing Comet shot to Hell.——
This sin must surely pleasant be, like mine,
That should o'recome a Man so much Divine;
The Art I will promote, I plainly see,
'Tis good, without the gift of Prophesie:
Mankind most Novelties desires to know,
Therefore in method I this way will show:
First to compound from Simples, then to make
The Compound stronger, they strong drugs shall take,
Then teach to Still; which they shall Spirits call,
A Liquor that shall fatal prove to all,
Nay, some shall drink at their own Funeral.
This Art I'le raise so high, till men aspire
Like us, to drink up Liquid Flames of Fire.
But whilst he sleeps, I'le to his fancy show,
What direful Tragedies from hence shall flow.

Hence

Hence ſhall ſuch deeds proceed ſhall Nature fright,
Make her ſtart back, and ſicken at the ſight;
Hence ſhall the Father with his Off-ſprings lie,
Pollute the inteſtine Veils of Chaſtity:
Inceſt it ſelf is here too good a ſound,
We want a word ſhould with its accent wound.
Hence ſhall the Child all bonds of duty ſhun,
The Mother ſhall be raviſh'd by the Son;
In carnal act lie twin'd within her bed,
Nay, this lewd Sin ſhall ſuch contagion ſpread,
The Living ſhall enjoy the very Dead.
With unchaſt looks, the Mother ſhall behold
Her Virgin child, and learn him to be bold;
With her falſe Charms ſhe ſhall his Soul betray,
To ſtain the ſacred Temple where he lay,
And ſoil the ſheets of Natures ſecret frame:
But conſcious of his guilt and Mothers ſhame,
He ſhall, at once, both Murther and Defile,
And on th' adulterate Bed his Mother kill:
But when he ſhall behold her panting bleed,
He ſhall cry out, Oh curſed Matricide!
Was't not enough thy Mother to pollute,
But thy curſt Hands muſt add her Murther to't!
Then in deſpair, like Death, ſhall ghaſtly ſtand,
Graſping his bloody Dagger in his hand;
Then ſtab his heart, let out the crimſon flood,
And doubly ſtain his Mother with his blood.
This diſmal Prologue ſhall be ſpoke by Sin,
She ſhall with Death the Tragick Mask begin,
And to his ſlumbring fancy draw the Scene.

Enter Ham *as out of his Fathers Tent. The Scene the Vineyard, with diverſity of Fruit-Trees.*

Ham. In vain I come the Prophets Art to try,
He and his Soul are in a Lethargie:
Viſions and Dreams the Magick Charmers are,
That to the World theſe wondrous things declare:

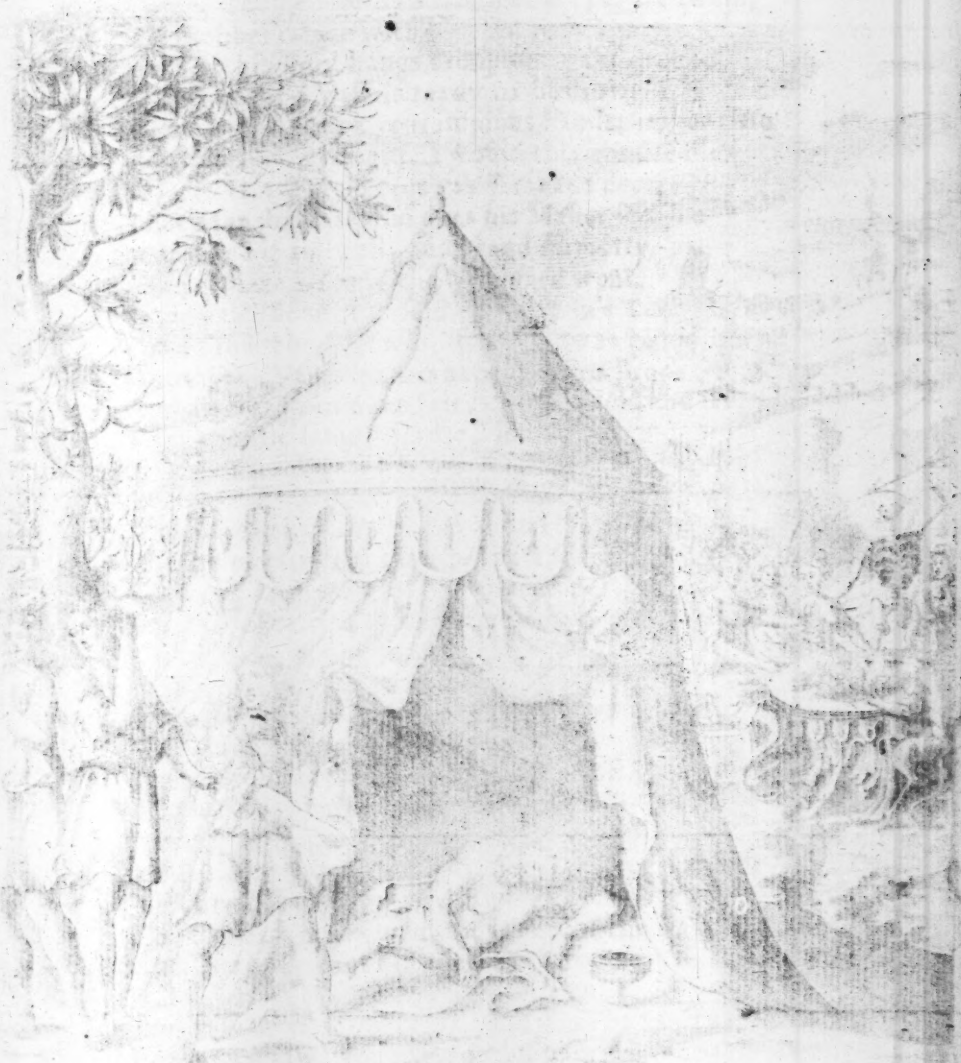
But his inchanted Soul is chain'd in ſleep.
To wake him, the loud roarings of the Deep,
And Thunders of the Sky, would prove in vain,
So ſtupid is his Soul, ſo ſenſleſs is his brain:
Some conjuring ſpell has ſeiz'd upon his mind,
His ſenſe is blaſted with a mildew wind.
But ſee, here ſtands the Necromantick bowl,
Has drown'd the active Spirits of his Soul.
It is a Maxim that proves always true,
Inventions do th' inventer ſtill undoe;
Yet what to him doth poyſonous prove, may be,
To future times, a Soveraign remedie:
But ſuch a Project few would ever try,
To kill themſelves to learn the way to die;
And how ridiculous 'twould prove, to ſee
One drown himſelf, to know the depth of th' Sea.
To tell this news, I'le to my Brothers haſt.
But ſee they'r here.

Enter Japhet *and* Shem.

Shem. Whither away ſo faſt?
Ham. To tell you a ſtrange miracle of Fate.
Japh. To free us of our fears the thing relate.
Ham. Our Father, as I gueſs, by what I find,
Hath a new Art diſcover'd to Mankind;
It is an excellent and rare device,
A new-found way how you ſhould Sacrifice.
But not of Oxen, nor of tender Lambs,
Not of male Kids, young Heifers, nor of Rams;
No, no, he ſcorns the common path that's trod,
Wine is his Sacrifice, and he's the God:
And when he'd offer'd what he did require,
The Sacrifice did ſet the Prieſt on fire.
Shem. This intricate diſcourſe that you declare,
Shews you a baſe and vile contemner are;
Therefore expound this ſtrange *Enigma* right.
Ham. Then View him drunk and naked to your ſight.

[*Going to draw the Curtain of the Tent.*

Come,



XUM

I Anguier Sculpt

Come, and behold how ſtrange his eyes are ſwoln,
His blubber'd face with bloated rubies grown:
See how his head hangs drooping to the ground,
Like founder'd Veſſels ready to be drown'd.
Shem. Hold back your impious hands, rather than I
Would view this ſight, I would this minute die.
Japh. It is as dangerous as Heavens decree,
That Man ſhall die who does his Maker ſee.
Ham. 'Tis folly all, and grand ſtupidity.
As in a Maze I round the Vineyard went,
And little thought to find him here in's Tent,
I wondred where he was, for e're 'twas Noon,
He us'd the Vines luxuriant Springs to Prune;
And he has Prun'd 'em fair! Look, look, and ſee,
They'r in the ſame diſorder, juſt as he:
They ſympathize with him, look dull, and are
Even drunk themſelves with their own juice they bear.
Shem. Is this the duty of a Son? you ought
Rather to pity him than judg't a fault;
To laugh and jear at Mans misfortunes, is,
An ill Prognoſtick to a future Bliſs;
To mock at others harms, deſerves a curſe,
Then to deride a Father ſure is worſe:
And though the Wine his ſenſes drowſie makes,
His Viſionary Soul within awakes;
Therefore take heed, for that views all that's done,
And will remember a contemning Son.
Ham. Away, away, with this Philoſophy,
You talk as you were drunk as well as he.
All danger I deſpiſe, *Eve*, though ſhe ſaw,
The Tree of Knowledg, never broke the Law
Until ſhe eat; that did contract the crime,
If any then's in fault, it muſt be him.
Shem. Be your own judg, and you'l be guilty made,
For as you ſaw, you likewiſe did upbraid.
Ham. To view th' unſeemly poſture he is in,
Would make an Angel ſure commit the ſin,

If't be a ſin to laugh:——but ſee the Sun,
Unto the Zenith of the World hath run;
And like to him I will my task purſue,
And leave our Holy Father here with you:
Who with the World a mighty Name will gain,
For the contrivance of a ſubtle brain.
When all his Off-ſprings ſhall like Pilgrims come,
To ſee the ſuperſcription of his Tomb,
Oh praiſe! His Epitaph muſt thus begin,
Here lies the Aged Monument of ſin. *Exit.*

Shem. And on your Tomb theſe Lines ingrav'd may be,
Here lies one curſt all his Poſterity.

Japh. Come, Brother, to his Tent let's backward go,
And o're his Nakedneſs this Garment throw,
By which we ſhall our Love and Duty ſhow.

[*They go backward into the Tent and cover him, then return.*

Shem. Now to our Labours let us haſte away,
The Sun's already paſt Meridian day,
And make an end of th' Task we have begun,
And finiſh all with the declining Sun. *Exeunt.*

Here a ſumptuous Banquet of all ſort of Fruits, eſpecially of Grapes, riſe up out of the Earth. Sin *Enters in a rich gaudy looſe Attire, and after her ſeveral Devils in the ſhapes of Men and Women, who make their obeyſance to her, then greet one another with profound Salutations; after which a ſymphony of Muſick is heard, to which they all dance:——after which, a fair Vineyard ariſes loaden with beautiful Grapes: Being all placed round the Banquet, and* Sin *at the upper end,*

She Sings.

Sin. *Behold a Vineyard big with juice Divine,*
Like to the Firr *and ſtately* Pine,
Drops forth its Balmy juice:
As Nature ſilently ſhould ſay,
This was the only way
To make it fit for uſe. 1. Man.

1. Man. *Since then Nature doth ſhow,*
Which may we muſt go,
We'l ſqueeze out the Liquor, and call the Juice wine:
Sin. *Though flat on the Grape, though thick on the Vine,*
See here it doth ſparkle, ſee here it doth ſhine.

{ Shews a cup of Wine, then
{ drinks, they all pledg her.

1. Man. *How dull and inſipid would every man be,*
If it were not for this to make the heart free;
It doth raviſh the Soul, and tranſport the mind,
It teacheth to love, to be gentle and kind:
It doth ſharpen our wits, and our fancies refine,
Then how pleaſant, how pleaſant's the Juice of the Vine.
Chorus.—*It doth ſharpen,* &c.
Sin. *Here's a Palm for thoſe Souls,*
That drink off moſt Bowls;
And ſo let the Goblet go round:
For he that drinks moſt,
Shall the Victory boaſt,
When his head with this Garland is crown'd.
Incircled with Charms, { holds forth a Gar-
He ſhall lie in my Arms, { land in her hand.
And his Head in my Boſom I'le lay;
We'l ſport all the Night,
In joys and delight,
But in Drink we'l carouſe all the day,
Chorus.—*We'l ſport,* &c.

After ſeveral Healths are gone round, they all quarrel for the Garland. The Women vaniſh away. Death riſes with a Dart in his hand, moving it, by turns, at every one of them. They all draw and fight, and mortally wound each other; then reel to ſeveral places, and on a ſudden ſink. *Death* and the Banquet ſinks preſently after them: *Sin* takes the Garland, and places it on her own Head. Muſick is heard, to which ſhe Dances; then vaniſheth away.——

Noah *awaking from ſleep comes out of his Tent.*

Noah. In what deep Viſions gloomy Scene I've lain!
A kind of Death has ſeiz'd my Opiate Brain.
Where have I been! methinks I've ſlept an Age,
And in my ſleep have been a Pilgrimage;
Rapt in the Spirit, over all I flew,
Did Sea and Land, Rocks, Mountains, Deſerts view,
Survey'd the World, each Covert, and each Cell,
And as I think too, I have traverſt Hell;
Sure 'twas no Heavenly raviſhment (for I
Bright Heaven in my vaſt progreſs could not ſpy)
But an Infernal Viſion that aroſe
From the black fumes of ſin ——
There, in a Pageant Mask, I did behold,
A Vineyard riſe with Grapes that ſhone like Gold;
Nay, they ſo beautiful, ſo fair did ſeem,
Methoughts I took and eat 'em in my Dream:
Then a bright Maid, did, of the juice, begin
A Health to th' reſt, I judg'd her to be *Sin*.
For the effects, the cauſes do declare,
Among themſelves began a Civil War;
For on a ſudden each his Weapon drew,
And in the fatal feud each other flew:
And what confirms that ſhe was there, her Son,
Grim *Death* appear'd before the broil begun;
Though in his Looks a deadly paleneſs lies,
Yet I, methoughts, ſaw bloodſhots in his eyes.
He grimly glar'd around, I judg, to ſee
Whether he'd made a perfect Victory;
Then, gazing round again, he found out me,
And with a ghaſtly Viſage ſhook his Dart,
And, as I gueſt, 'twas level'd at my heart.
But as He went to ſtrike, I gave a groan,
Leapt up amaz'd, and found my ſelf alone.
I lookt to view the Tragick Scene, but they
Vaniſh'd, like Night, at the approaching Day.

My

My eyes, thoſe Harbingers of th' mind, can ſpy
Things only preſent, or a Land-skip nigh:
But my Prophetick Soul foreſees the Doom,
And all theſe direful miſchiefs are to come.
But what doth rack my tortur'd Soul, 'tis I
Muſt be the Author of this Miſery;
Poſterity will curſe my Art, my name confound,
Wiſhing I were in th' Drink, or Deluge, drown'd.
But pardon me, O future Age! for you,
Mayn't only learn the ſin, but danger too,
And how to ſhun that which I never knew.
A trembling terror does my heart ſurround,
And I am loth the Spirit to expound;
It is a Curſe againſt my younger Son,
For his contempt, and his deriſion:
Servant of Servants, a moſt wretched Slave,
He ſhall for ever live, ſo paſs to's Grave,
And like a Peſtilence this Curſe ſhall be,
Spreading Infection through his Progeny,
But bleſt be *Shem*, his Race ſhall be Divine,
For from his Stock ſhall ſpring the Holy Line;
And bleſt be *Japhet*'s Off-ſpring. Heav'n will them
Inlarge, and they ſhall live in th' Tents with *Shem*:
Now may my Age in reſt and peace repoſe,
And fall like dew upon an Evening Roſe. [*Exit.*

Enter Shem *and* Japhet.

Shem. Like Heav'ns Inhabitants my Life appears,
Repleat with joys, and free from cares and fears.
Some Cherub ſure does in my ſoul reſide,
And to Seraphick Bliſs my Spirit guide;
For ſuch tranſporting extaſies I find,
Does to immortal Glory lead my mind:
I on an Angels Wing do clip my way,
Leaving the dregs of Life, this clod of Clay,
And mount to Heaven, to an Eternal Day.

Japh.

Japh. Like you, a mighty joy does through me run;
But all my Bliss is by reflection,
As the Moons Light is borrow'd of the Sun:
So would my Life wear an Eternal shrowd,
But that your Beams do gild the sable Cloud.
So in your Tent I shall desire to stay,
And in soft peace to pass my time away;
That when my circl'd years have gone their round,
I may, like Fleecy Snow, fall gently to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ham.

Ham. Since I am curst, and curst a Slave to be,
I'le reign a Royal one with Majesty;
He is a Slave that hath an abject Soul,
That dares not fortunes frowns with frowns controul.
I do despise her, and contemn my Fate,
'Tis brave to live Magnificently great;
So though a Slave, yet I will rule in State.
There's no such thing as Slavery can be,
I'm under them, they under him, and he
Is unto Heaven as great a Slave as we.
We all pay Homage, and who Homage give,
Is mark'd a Slave to that Prerogative;
So we must all as Slaves or Equals be,
Or else each man alone's a Monarchy:
But since nor one nor t'other it implies,
That he that dares do most should highest rise;
By which it follows, that the bravest Man,
Should be, on Earth, a Land-*Leviathan*,
And over all maintain Supremacy:
But if a greater rise on Earth than he,
He must resign to him his Soveraignty.
This is my Rule, and shall my Maxim be,
I'le Conquer all, or all shall Conquer me;
And if in th' Enterprize I fail and die,
I'le, in my thoughts, mount Monarch to the Sky. [*Exit.*

The

The Scene changes and represents a vast multitude of People, then shuts. An Angel Enters.

From Heav'n to Earth, on a swift pinion'd ray
Of the Suns darting Beams, I've wing'd my way,
T' inform Mankind they should themselves divide,
And into some remoter parts reside;
For from so vast a Multitude will rise
A multitude of endless miseries:
Innumerable Plagues will fall on Man,
From Multitudes all discords first began,
As many winds do form a Hurricane.
So to prevent these ills, Heaven doth ordain,
They in far parts, in Colonies shall reign;
Both Peace and Plenty from this Spring will run,
From distance, sure, friendship ne're first begun,
Yet the Moons nearness does Eclipse the Sun.
If Men this Moral would observe but right,
Of the imbellish'd Suns dismantled Light,
They would, like him, good deeds for ill requite;
Though rob'd of all his Glory, all his Beams,
He guilds her tawny face with silver Streams:
But hark, I'm call'd, I must with speed away,
Quick as my flight, my Duty does obey.

[*Ascends swiftly out of sight.*

Enter Nimrod, Joctan, Saphane, *with an innumerable Host. The Scene the plain of* Shinar.

Nim. Tell us no more we must this place resign,
Spoak by false Visions, or what fools Divine;
Let me an Angel see, not Dream I do,
And then, perhaps, I may believe it true.
Where can we gather a more plenteous store?
We are too rich, and Heaven would make us poor.
Where better Live? What place so fair as this?
Where every thing paints forth a Paradise.

This is a trick of Heav'n, I understand,
To banish us unto some Foreign Land,
Where we in Woods, and Rocks, and Wilds, shall be
Devour'd by Famine, Sickness, Poverty;
So when all's gone, we then too late shall see,
We Masters only are of Slavery:
That we may call our own, and may, perchance,
Entail it too on our Inheritance.
Considering this, and all our future Lives,
How weak our Children, how unapt our Wives
To travel are, 'tis best we here reside,
And in this Plain of *Shinar* all abide;
Heav'n knows we're strong, and able to resist,
But when dispers'd, He'l rule us as he list:
The Body Politick, like ours, should be
Knit close together in joint Unity,
And not with one another disagree.
'Tis the same case with us, therefore, with speed,
We ought to some great Action to proceed.
My suffrage is, that we a City rear,
For strength impregnable, for beauty fair;
And lest another Deluge should ensue,
We'l build a Tower that shall preserve us too:
A Pyramid which we will raise so high,
The top thereof shall peep into the Sky,
By which we may even Heav'n it self defie.

Joct. By which we too shall gain Eternal Fame,
And through the World blaze our Immortal Name.

Nim. These are my thoughts, and as I judg, 'tis fit
That ev'ry Man to th' judgment should submit;
But if you can a better way declare,
Speak how it shall be done, and when, and where.

Saph. We all agree to what you say, and you
Shall be our Leader and Commander too.

Nim. Then let us hast to th' Work, this very hour
We will begin to build this mighty Tower;
So many hands will make the Work seem small,
And in an instant we shall raise it all:

The

The Worlds great Fabrick we will imitate,
In bigneſs and in ſwiftneſs too like that,
Built only with a LET IT BE by Fate;
That, when 'tis done, we may all ſtand amaz'd,
At the Prodigious Work our hands have rais'd.

Joct. We Storms and Tempeſts then may fear no more,
And hear, beneath our feet, Heav'ns Thunder roar.

Saph. Its top with Diamonds, with burniſh'd Gold,
And Cryſtal glittering, ſhall ſhine ſo fair;
When Travellers from far the ſight behold,
They ſhall miſtake it for the Morning Star.

Nim. No, from the Earth its Glory ſhall be ſeen,
Not like a Star, (that fancy is too mean)
But like another bright Heav'n hung between. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene ſhifts, and repreſents the building of Babel, *ſome digging, others making of Brick, and tempring of Mortar,* Nimrod, Joctan, *and* Saphane *giving them directions.*

An Angel flies down, and hovers Perpendicularly over the Tower.

Angel. To viſit Man once more, from Heav'n I'm come,
To daſh their Pride, and to pronounce their Doom.
See with what frantick madneſs they ruſh on,
And with the Tower build their deſtruction;
For raiſing that but pulls fate faſter down.
Like Icy Mountains they this ſtructure Scale;
When neer the top their feet then ſooneſt fail:
Such a prepoſterous zeal was never ſeen,
They reach at Heav'n whilſt their feet tread on ſin.
In their Clay-frames they would their Souls refine,
As *Eve* in th' Apple thought to be Divine;
But they, like her, their *Eden* ſhall forego,
And wander Vagabonds in th' World below:
The Hunter ſhall himſelf be made a Prey,
His Subjects ſhall rebel and diſobey.

Thus o're the Tower I wave this Sacred Wand,
And on Mankind I lay Heav'ns great Command,
Their Native Language none shall understand;
Each Man a several Spirit shall possess,
And in strange words his stranger sence express:
And though in Tongues they have increas'd their store,
Yet, Miser-like, they'r midst their plenty poor.
Such horrid jangling of a Hideous noise,
Shall be exprest by each particular voice;
They hoarse with gabling, silently shall go
To Foreign parts, their unknown Fate to know:
And to their wish they shall the Name obtain,
Which to the end of all things shall remain.
But like the dreadful latter end, their Fate
Shall stand aghast, and for confusion wait:
Their proud Imperial Tower shall by Heav'ns ire
Fall down, and shrink like Parchment in the Fire.
Once more my fatal Wand I wave around;
Thunder and Lightning fall and crush it to the ground:
Their *Babel* with their Language shall expire,
What they thought safe from floods shall be destroy'd by fire.

They all disperse themselves to several parts of the Earth, but as they go, with amazement they look back on their Tower surrounded with bellowing Thunder, and flakes of Lightning.

[The Angel flies to Heaven.

FINIS.

XUM